THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

No one with any interest in theological thought can fail to be aware of the notable revival in recent years of the theology of the Reformation. This is due largely, though not exclusively, to the work of writers of the school of Karl Barth. Calvin's 'Institutes' and Luther's 'Commentary on Galatians,' which had lain under the dust for years, are once again in men's hands and are studied with earnest care.

A striking testimony to the significance of this movement comes from the Roman Catholic Church. The theologians of that Church have been accustomed to regard modern Protestant thought as superficial and practically negligible, but now they take this revival of Reformation doctrine with all seriousness; on the one hand with a high degree of appreciation, and on the other hand, where they differ from it, they regard it as a foeman worthy of their steel.

A contribution of real value to this subject has been made by the Rev. Principal H. F. Lovell Cocks in *By Faith Alone*,[1] which has been approved by London University as a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Divinity. It is a work which gives evidence of wide learning, of sound judgment and profound insight into the deep problems of theology. It is written with admirable clearness though the texture of its thought is so close knit that it will demand strenuous mental effort on the part of the reader. It may be regarded as a commentary on Luther's dictum, 'Word and faith are given together in wedlock, and naught can suffer them to be put asunder.'

Saving faith is essentially *Fiducia*, trust in a Person and not merely an assent to facts. Unless this is clearly understood the whole matter is quite obscured. All too often faith is taken as being a mental acceptance of certain doctrines which have been accredited to the mind by various proofs. It has even been caricatured as 'believing what you know is not true.' There is, of course, a factual element in the case. Certain historic events are taken for true, but to accept these does not imply saving faith. There were doubtless many in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost who gave credence to all the facts about the death and resurrection of Jesus but yet were strangers to the faith that is in Him. Saving faith is born, and lives, in the realm of personal relations. It is confidence in a divine Saviour who has spoken to the soul and given an inward assurance which no historical evidences or logical demonstrations could give.

Faith, then, rests wholly upon the Word of God. As it is written, 'faith cometh by hearing.' By hearing what? By hearing the word of the truth of the gospel as a word spoken by the living God to the believing heart, a word which brings its own credentials with it. It is a creative word, bringing to birth the faith which responds to it. This may seem a paradox, but consider how the Saviour in the days of His flesh spoke creative words to the impotent folk who, in response to that word, found themselves able to do what before was impossible. Manifestly the divine word of grace brought with it the power of response.

The meeting-place of grace and faith has been the scene of prolonged controversy and much confusion. Man has always shown a reluctance to acknowledge himself in the fullest sense a debtor to grace. He has even gone the length of claiming that through his good works or some merit of his own he has established a claim on God, thus, in fact, making himself his own saviour. But, short of that, even when he confesses his debt to grace, he has sought to maintain that there is in him by nature some capacity or predisposition which makes him a fit subject for grace. He seems to feel it necessary to endeavour by such means to preserve some remnant of his own self-respect in the presence of God. It is in any case a vain attempt, for the innate capacity or predisposition which he claims, even allowing it to exist, is itself the gift of God.

But, in opposition to such claims, the testimony of the believing heart has ever taken the form of a confession that all is of grace, that salvation is experienced as a creative act which can be wrought by no power but that of God. This is the experience and conviction which lies at the root of the much misunderstood doctrine of election. The believer, when asked to give account of himself, how it comes to pass that he, a sinner, is numbered among the sons of God, he can give no other answer but this, 'It is none of my doing. It is

[1] James Clarke; 10s. 6d. net.

all of God who in His infinite grace had mercy upon me and redeemed me.' We are on much more precarious ground if we go on to speculate in general terms of God's dealings with others, whether or no they may be of the number of the elect, but every believer, speaking strictly for, and of, himself, will confirm the Saviour's words who said, 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you.' This confession of being among the 'elect,' so far from ministering to spiritual pride as has often been imagined, is a confession of utter demerit in the sight of God and of humble dependence on grace alone.

This Reformation doctrine, which is really Pauline, has often been represented as amounting to fatalism, but it is not so in reality. 'As Brunner points out, the same man of faith who looking back declares that all is of grace, will yet as preacher or missionary summon men to decision for Christ. The Bible gives us no occasion to proclaim divine grace in such a way as to obscure human responsibility, or to overstress God's prevenient action to the point of leading men to wait passively on events.' Here is a paradox which cannot be made acceptable or intelligible to common sense, a paradox which was declared intolerable by the House of Lords in the famous Free Church Case. Yet it does not stand alone. It is part of that great mystery which shrouds within its depths the relation of the human will to the divine. We confess that 'every virtue we possess and every victory won, and every thought of holiness are His alone,' yet we know ourselves to be morally responsible. Of our natural life we confess, 'I could not draw another breath, except Thou give me power,' yet are we conscious of ourselves as free to live and breathe. So the saving grace of God does not overwhelm human free will or absolve us from moral responsibility.

The Christian life from beginning to end is a life of faith. There never comes a higher stage when faith gives place to knowledge or mystical experience. To the last the believer must live in immediate dependence on God's Word of grace. Faith is worship. 'For worship means giving God the glory due to His name, and what is this but an absolute trust and committal of our lives? . . . Adoration, prayer, sacrifice and loving obedience are not higher stages of religious experience or additions to faith. For faith is all of these, it is the soul's true righteousness.' Therefore the Word of God which creates and sustains faith must ever be held supreme. That is the reason why the Reformers regarded the preaching of the Word as the central act and supreme sacrament of Christian worship. 'The Reformers were right, although our generation does not stand at that evangelical vantage point from which it may be seen how right they were.'

The Vice-Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, the Rev. Cecil J. CADOUX, M.A., D.D., D.Litt., has written an account of what he most surely believes and — what is even more important — what Liberal Protestantism 'has to say for itself in times when so many are denouncing it as the grand source of all our religious troubles' —*A Pilgrim's Further Progress: Dialogues on Christian Teaching*.[1] What the title signifies ('further progress') is not explained. 'Further' than what? 'Progress' to what goal? The apprehension of truth? Orthodoxy? Doctrinal stability?

The book is in the form of a Catechism. The humble and anonymous 'Pilgrim' asks enlightenment from the 'Interpreter,' and this structure of the book makes the reading easier since it gives the mind rests and lessens the strain. The subjects on which the pilgrim seeks help are the existence and character of God, the Person and Work of Christ, the Doctrine of the Trinity, the Christian Ethic, Prayer, the Church and Sex. Many readers will regret that there is no treatment of the Sacraments. We could have done without the section on sex, or even that on the Christian ethic, for the sake of a Liberal Protestant view of the Sacraments.

However, the real heart of this book is the large part devoted to the Person and Work of Jesus Christ. And it is an altogether remarkable piece of Christian thinking. Let us see what Dr. CADOUX's views are. They proceed in an orderly way from, first, the Experienced Salvation, to, second, the Resultant Doctrine of Christ's Person, and, finally, to the Resultant Doctrine of Christ's Work.

Salvation through Christ is the sense and knowledge that come to us through Him, and especially through His death, that we have been brought into close and peaceful fellowship with God through God's own forthgoing and fatherly love, and that we have been thereby endowed with a new power of communing with Him and a new moral insight and capacity for doing what is right. By the whole impact of Christ's life, His teaching, His surrender to death and His triumph over it, He imparts to as many as consent and desire to be led by Him a sureness of God, a

[1] Blackwell; 10s. 6d. net.

conviction of God's goodness and a filial trust and love for God.

What stands between the believer and God is sin, and the believer longs for God to remove it. That is to say, he repents, and God's answer to his repentance is to forgive him. Sin's power to part man from God is then, through Christ, destroyed, and he is at peace with God. It is integral to the experience of salvation to see that in Christ God Himself has acted with reconciling power. This saving work of Christ was not simply a *declaration* of what was true of believers and God. There was so much of Christ Himself in His saving work that whoever has been saved by it cannot but be thereby involved in a direct relation of whole-hearted devotion to Him.

That is the experience of salvation. What is the resultant doctrine of His *Person*? Well, we begin with His own claims. He knew Himself to be the Messiah, the rightful Lord of men, and, in some unique sense, the Son of God and God's Spirit-anointed Servant. That is, in the main, the doctrine taught in the Synoptic Gospels and in the Petrine speeches in Acts. Paul enlarged it in several ways. But we must remember that in him Christianity had passed beyond the soil of Palestine and had entered the world of Greek thought.

This means that Christian doctrine was now being thought out in a partially new intellectual atmosphere. There was therefore a tendency to develop the transcendental elements in that doctrine. One of these is the pre-existence of Christ. Another is the doctrine of Incarnation which was introduced by St. John in his prologue. Paul did not really call Jesus God. But certainly his exaltation of Christ as 'the Lord,' and his occasional application to Him of Old Testament passages in which 'the Lord' meant Yahweh, undoubtedly prepared the way for later Christians to ascribe full divine rank to Him.

It is not the purpose of this note to do more than expound Dr. CADOUX's doctrine. But it is to the point to mention two things in that doctrine. First of all, the 'pilgrim' asks: 'How would you yourself express that uniqueness of God's presence in Jesus which you admit? And in answer the 'interpreter' (Dr. CADOUX) emphasizes the uniqueness as vital, draws attention to the limitations of our minds that force us to be content with a partial and imperfect statement, and then says: 'We may acclaim Him as "the chief among ten thousand" and the "altogether lovely," as the first-born among many brethren, as One in Whom God is reconciling the world to Himself. But as to the *ultimate* reason why Jesus was this, we may find it best to confess our ignorance.'

The second thing is the emphasis with which Dr. CADOUX repudiates the idea that he is a Unitarian. 'How would you reply to the charge that your Christology is simply Unitarianism?' asks the pilgrim. And Dr. CADOUX replies: 'I should plead "not guilty." A "Unitarian" view of Christ may mean anything between a crass denial of His uniqueness or supremacy and a perfectly whole-hearted, if non-Trinitarian, affirmation of His divinity. But the real dividing line is not between Trinitarian and Unitarian, but between those for whom Christ is the unique Saviour and Lord and those for whom He is not.'

Then the pilgrim puts a crucial question: Is your view of the matter consistent with the *worship* of Jesus Christ by the Christian? And the answer is: 'Certainly, if you are using the word as the outpouring of reverent love, gratitude and praise.' There is nothing in his doctrine, Dr. CADOUX says, which could be a reason why Christians should not pour forth to Jesus in prayer their thankfulness and homage and love.

And now, finally, what is the resultant doctrine of Christ's *work*? Dr. CADOUX proceeds at once to the Cross and rules out all 'transactional' views of Christ's death. He recognizes the truth in the view of it as a martyrdom and ennobling example. But rejects this as a sufficient doctrine because 'it makes no room for what I would call "the evangelical experience." I mean by that the realization that, through the death of Christ there comes to us the consciousness of God's forgiveness of our sin. . . . Thousands of Christians have in various ways received this forgiveness, and therewith new moral power, at the foot of the Cross.'

Dr. CADOUX expands this 'evangelical experience' in impressive words, and finds himself able to make his own the words of the hymn:

> Gazing thus, our sin we see,
> Learn Thy love while gazing thus—
> Sin, which laid the Cross on Thee,
> Love, which bore the Cross for us.

The 'root of the matter' is there, and we can be thankful for such a worthy statement of the essentials of faith even though some of the interpretations may seem to us inadequate.

The subject of the place of women in the Christian Church has been one of debate since the time

of St. Paul. Recently it has been before the Presbyteries of the Church of Scotland on a reference from the General Assembly through the Commission for the Interpretation of God's Will in the Present Crisis. The question which the Presbyteries were asked to answer was, whether they agreed that the barrier of ineligibility of women for the Eldership should be removed.

When recourse is had for an answer to the Pauline Epistles, there does not appear to be any clear and definite leading. On the one hand, St. Paul says that in Christ there is neither male nor female, and it might naturally be said that such a statement opens the gates to women, in St. Paul's mind at least, into any office in the Church. On the other hand, St. Paul considers women to have a subordinate place to men in the will and purpose of the Creator, and it might naturally be said that such a position precludes women from holding any kind of ruling office in the Church. Indeed it is expressly laid down in one place that women should keep silent in the churches.

Of course the effort has been made to harmonize those Pauline positions. Those who regard St. Paul as 'anti-feminist' say that while undoubtedly the Christian redemption is for both male and female, it does not follow that women should be regarded as eligible for all Church offices and functions. Those who regard St. Paul as on the side of 'feminism' say that the aforesaid eligibility is not affected or modified by the natural subordination of the weaker sex. As for the injunction of silence, that is explained as an injunction which had to be enforced at Corinth because of local conditions.

In another column we have reviewed a book which has subjected the Pauline Epistles to a radical literary criticism: Professor R. M. Hawkins' *The Recovery of the Historical Paul.* We are of opinion that he has handled the Pauline texts too drastically. But suppose we were to accept his analysis and to regard those passages as unauthentic which he regards as unauthentic, it is interesting to notice what a difference it would make to our exposition of St. Paul's views on the place of women in the Christian Church.

If tradition be right and Ro 16 is genuine, then the place of women in the life and even in the ministry of the Pauline Church appears to be well established. 'Phoebe is definitely made a "deacon" in the church in Cenchrea; Prisca is spoken of as his helper; Mary, Tryphena, Tryphosa, and Persis are spoken of as labouring in the Lord, Mary and Persis abundantly.' But Dr. Hawkins refuses to regard Ro 16 as Pauline material. This chapter, however, is, as he says, sufficient to establish the fact that if St. Paul denied to women a place in the ministry the Early Church did not follow him in this.

But did St. Paul deny to women a place in the ministry or the exercise of any spiritual authority in the congregation? For answer Dr. Hawkins would say that the recognition of women as intrinsically inferior to men is un-Pauline; for he rejects 1 Co 11^{2-16} (the section dealing with the veiling of women). Even in this passage, he says, the viewpoint does not seem to be maintained, for in verse 11 the real equality of women seems to be recognized.

'One would think that the reason for insisting that women have their heads covered would be found in the social situation; if women were forward, it might bring calumny upon the infant Church. But this reason seems to have occurred only to commentators upon the passage, not to its author. Or it would seem that the woman ought to have her head covered as a sign of her intrinsic inferiority to man. This is the foundation which the author painstakingly builds, only to fail to erect his superstructure upon it. They are to have a sign of authority upon their heads because of the angels.'

The later passage of the same Epistle (1 Co 14^{33b-36}) dealing with the activity of women in the Church is also rejected by Dr. Hawkins as unauthentic. In that passage women are not to be veiled when praying or prophesying, they are not to pray or prophesy in public at all. Let them be silent in the churches!

On Dr. Hawkins' standpoint there is no need of making the attempt to reconcile the two passages, as they are of unknown and probably different authorship. He adds, 'By accepting as genuine all passages in the present Pauline epistles, we get a picture of Paul as utterly confused upon a great many problems, only one of which is that of the real worth of women, and their place and function in the Church.'

We add in our turn that in view of the present state of the literary and historical criticism of the Bible it would be well to base the argument for or against, say, the admission of women to the eldership, on general considerations rather than on particular Pauline or other texts. In any case, in our modern world the appeal to Biblical texts is surely not enough.

Cults of To-day.

VIII. Theosophy.

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It may be more difficult to justify the inclusion of Theosophy amongst 'Cults of To-day' than it was a quarter of a century ago, because it seems to have diminished slightly in popularity in recent years, one reason for this being perhaps that it has been bereft of its more outstanding leaders in the country—India—where it was most at home. But its range of influence is not limited to India, and that it is a by no means negligible force even to-day in circles nearer home was indicated a few months ago by the fact that a new edition was called for of a critical exposition, originally published in 1919. Theosophy is still important because of its own proper influence, and it is also symptomatic of many closely affiliated tendencies of the human spirit, all of them broadly characterisable as reactions against certain rigidities of ecclesiastical dogma. They reveal a spirit of revolt against arid rationalism and the depressing conclusions of mechanistic science, a rebound from exclusiveness to catholicity (sometimes excessive) and growing tolerance (sometimes undiscriminating) in the appreciation of religious attitudes other than one's own, a plea for a fuller employment of imagination, and a replacement of the control of reason by that of emotion—even if this latter should lead on to superstitious belief in magic and an abjectly sentimental surrender to external authority.

The general attitude to Theosophy itself seems to move between one or other of two extremes; that of unrestricted admiration on the one hand, and contemptuous superiority on the other. Upon the devotees arguments have no effect, and for the despisers they are superfluous—as condemnatory judgment has already been passed. Neither extreme is advisable. Those who are profound in admiration and awestruck in veneration cannot convince others unless they are ready to give a reason for the faith that is in them; and those who are inclined to contempt should remember that a superior attitude is always risky unless it is combined with a thorough knowledge of that which is adversely criticized. Without such knowledge we may give ourselves over to the Philistines, or—which is still worse—we may mistake enemies for friends and friends for enemies. But probably many people place themselves rather statically between the two opposite extremes, and are uncomfortable because of the clash of wholly contrary opinions. Like Kant, who declared in relation to ghost stories, that he did not believe any of them but had a certain faith in all of them put together, they may be able easily to refute many particular arguments in favour of Theosophy, but have a vague sympathetic feeling that 'there is something in it after all.'

What is that 'something'? Is it possible to elucidate it or define it? Theosophy comes to us with impressive accompaniments of powerful present-day organization and a very ancient tradition. The width of its influence in modern times challenges our investigation. Towards the end of the first quarter of this century there were branches for Theosophic study and practice in almost every country in the world—some eleven hundred lodges, with a total membership of over thirty thousand. India is probably the country most affected by Theosophical influences; it has a special appeal in that land because of its affinities with certain phases of Indian religion, and because its leading exponents not only selected India as a place of residence, but were unstinted in their expressions of admiration for Indian faiths. But America is a good second to India, with many rival and very vigorous Theosophical organizations. In Great Britain the influence of Theosophy was less pervasive during this period, but there was a flourishing Theosophical Society in Edinburgh, and its influence spread even as far north as Inverness. At this time the movement was also making great progress in Australia. Some years ago a minister unknown to me, in one of the Western States of America, communicated with me shortly after the publication of a book on the subject, and tried to persuade me that interest in Theosophy had invaded the spirit-world. He said that he was in the habit of attending psychical research séances, and that on two occasions the 'control,' who claimed to be the spirit of Edgar Allan Poe, had advised him to procure and study my book. But perhaps it is sufficient to confine ourselves to living human beings in noting the range of Theosophical influence.

The modern history of Theosophy might be said to date from 1875, when Madame Blavatsky, in

conjunction with Colonel Olcott, founded the Theosophical Society in America. These two leaders—frequently known as the 'Theosophical Twins'—went to India in 1878, and found there a more favourable reception for their teaching than in America. For one thing, Madame Blavatsky was an 'immense flatterer' of the religious past of India, and made a strong appeal to India's justifiable pride in her religious and philosophical inheritance. She described India as 'the fountain-head of the highest culture in the world.' By this adroitness, and the perhaps perfectly genuine admiration which was behind it, as well as by the impression she gave of vast learning, and by her claim to marvellous occult powers, she gathered round her a circle of devoted admirers, both Indian and European. But in her later days in India things did not go altogether well with her, especially in Madras, where her claim to be in receipt of miraculous communications from the unseen world was very definitely challenged. In the main leadership of the movement she was succeeded by Mrs. Besant, a woman of higher type than the original founder. She had great personal ability, her literary output was enormous, and she wielded unquestionable authority throughout the society. She has been described as one of 'the perennial sources of Theosophical learning.' She was a true friend of India; whether her guidance was always wise may perhaps be questioned, but of her enthusiasm and self-sacrifice in much-needed reforming movements, there can be no doubt.

Although Theosophy in its present organized forms may be comparatively new, it claims to be the heir of a great tradition. Its adherents hold, not that they have discovered a new thing, but that they have rediscovered the hidden wisdom of the ages, which has been concealed and perverted by orthodox religion, especially Christianity. They claim relationship with the Knights Templar, the Fellowship of the Rosy Cross and other associations of the Middle Ages. They ascend the stream of time to the early Christian centuries and affirm the close affinity of their teaching with Neo-Platonism and Gnosticism; the latter Movement they regard as receptive of many influences—from the mystery religions which penetrated to Greece and Rome, and also from Egyptian and Jewish sources. Most of all do they wish to serve themselves heirs to the dominant philosophies and religious thought of ancient India. All down through the ages this body of truth which they say they have rediscovered, has been in the charge of the Great White Brotherhood, a company of Adepts, the Grand Lodge of Central Asia, dwelling mysteriously in Thibet, preserving from contamination the core of religious truth which is in every religion. This Lodge, which has sent out initiates to every land, is described variously as the trunk from which all religions spring or the thread which runs through all religions binding them in one. The members of the Lodge—the Initiates—are men who have come from other worlds and other humanities than ours, but they may be recruited from our present race (as is seen in the cases of Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant) by men and women who have passed through the various grades of discipleship and finally obtained entrance to the supreme Council of the faith. One of the main duties of the brotherhood is to watch over the religious development of humanity, and to consider any urgent need for the foundation of a new religion. If the need is admitted one of the members is commissioned to take charge of the work, being carefully cautioned, however, not to reveal the sacred mysteries to all and sundry, and advised even to make use of a camouflage of erroneous doctrine if there is any danger of the precious deposit being polluted by contact with the crowd.

The word 'theosophy' itself means the 'wisdom' or 'knowledge' of God, but there is nothing in this to differentiate Theosophy from other religions, and we must therefore seek for some special characteristic. This may be found, slightly paradoxically, in the very claim which Theosophy makes that it is not different from other religions, or, more positively, that it just *is* other religions. The wisdom of God which it seeks is that deposit which is in charge of the White Brotherhood, and which is the essence of all religions, although many of them, especially in their institutional forms, have concealed and corrupted it. The study of Comparative Religion is one of the avowed aims of the Theosophical Society, and by Comparative Religion Theosophy means, not the study of the development of religion out of primitive forms (which Theosophy calls 'Comparative Mythology') but the discovery that the hidden deposit, now in Theosophical possession, is to be found in all religions, which are identical in their real nature if only that reality could be reached. As Madame Blavatsky puts it in the introduction to her most important book: 'The teachings contained in these volumes belong neither to the Hindus, the Zoroastrians, the Chaldeans, nor the Egyptian religion, neither to Buddhism, Islam, Judaism, nor Christianity exclusively. The secret doctrine is the essence of all these. The aim of the work is . . . to rescue from degradation the archaic truths which are the basis of all religions; to recover to some extent the fundamental unity from which they all spring' (*Secret Doctrine*, 8).

The knowledge offered by Theosophy thus claims to be universal, and this makes an, at

first sight, impressive appeal to those who are repelled by the contradictions between credal religions, and also by the narrowness and intolerance so often associated with adherence to a rigid creed. Theosophy professes to have no creed, and to be ready to allow a man to hold any creed he pleases. Ostensibly, its method of resolving contradictions is not to assert one of the contradictions at the expense of the others, nor to attain a more comprehensive view in which the truth of the contradictions would be included, but rather to soften or blur the differences. Thus its tolerance is insecurely based, and suffers from the limitation that a man can hold any creed he pleases *provided only* that he does not hold it too firmly. Theoretically it is anti-dogmatic, and it claims to be scientific in that it encourages absolute freedom of inquiry. But in practice it appoints itself as judge of the amount of reconstruction which is necessary to extract from any religion the pure Theosophical essence. Christianity, for example, is ' reconstructed ' to such an extent that many of its most intelligent and liberal-minded adherents would fail to recognize it in its Theosophical dress. In practice also Theosophy enforces a fairly rigid authority which rather weakens its claims to be scientific. All knowledge is, of course, dependent on the authority of experts, but the truly scientific expert places his cards, as it were, upon the table, and invites the learner to take for himself the steps by which the conclusion is reached ; whereas the Theosophical experts—or adepts—are inclined rather to say, ' This is the true doctrine, which you must accept ; if you demur because you cannot understand, you must remember that the knowledge is esoteric, and no one can be expected to understand it unless he places himself implicitly under the guidance of Theosophical leaders—of "those who know." ' It is held to be illegitimate to communicate the truths of Theosophy to any but a chosen few belonging to a chosen circle. How this authoritarianism actually works out may be described in the words of one who, revolting from a particularly rigid form of Christianity, was a member for several years of the Theosophical Society, but later returned to devoted adherence to the Christian faith : ' The student,' says Miss McNeile, ' who wishes to make a serious study of the subject, must place himself under discipleship in the inner school. This involves a position of absolute loyalty to the head of the school, and a recognition of the unimpeachable nature of the knowledge dispensed in the school. . . . The disciple makes an absolute surrender of his reasoning faculties ; he accepts all he is taught without question. As he advances, this surrender of the intellect increases, and the inhibition of his reasoning faculties becomes more and more complete. He learns to look to his teachers to direct his attitude towards every department of knowledge ; he desires to see everything from the Theosophic standpoint only, and will shrink from forming an opinion for himself or even from accepting the statements of recognized scholars who are not Theosophist.' In face of such a description as this—which would seem to be thoroughly justified by the facts—it is difficult to admit the Theosophic claim to scientific freedom of thought.

In their justifiable revolt against certain depressing conclusions of modern mechanical science, Theosophists assert that the knowledge which they offer is of a direct and intuitive character, comparable in some respects to the mystic vision, but containing a larger proportion of apparently intellectual elements. We may follow them in their contention that feeling and imagination should be given a larger place in the construction of religious knowledge. But they go to excess in the withdrawal of restraints from the use of imagination. They multiply entities without scruple when in need of a plausible explanation. They have been described as ' cosmological spendthrifts,' and their theories often depend merely on assertion without proof. The result is a system of magic rather than science, a new materialism which is depressing not because of its weight but because of its insubstantiality.

The contents of their teaching are elaborate, and can with difficulty be summarized. According to their main positive teaching the unknowable Ground of all things is revealed in a Soul of the Universe which, again, gives rise to a series of worlds, each under the control of a planetary Spirit. In relation to the individual aspirant the Divine Soul or Monad subdivides itself into human monads, and, descending through various grades of being, reaches in each human existence the mental world, then the astral (or emotional) world, and finally the physical world. Over and over again we are incarnated into this physical world, and our endeavour should always be to rise upwards and return to the undivided Source from which we have come, sacrificing our personality and regaining individuality, which, through its increasing characterlessness, presents no barrier to identification with or absorption in, the Absolute. Inevitably we receive the fruit of our deeds done in the body, and according to our good or evil, so will be measured the length of time we spend on each plane between our various incarnations. If our deeds have been evil, we shall after death spend much time on the astral plane, tormented by insatiable desire. If we have been righteous, we shall pass upwards more rapidly and spend much time in the heavenly world in a

condition of intuitive vision and indescribable bliss. Our ascent is of a spiral character, and we cannot do much ourselves in any incarnation to hasten the movement upwards. But we need not be over-anxious. There is plenty of time; the number of incarnations is infinite. We should not trouble overmuch about our sins, because they are only mistakes, and the poverty of our faculties, which causes us to make these mistakes, is the consequence of prior mistakes in lives for which we are not now consciously responsible. Neither need we waste our spiritual energy in excessive pity for those who are far down in the scale, for as we are now, so they will one day be—inevitably. By purity of life we shall gradually attain to a higher knowledge, and in the meantime we may put ourselves under the proper teachers, and learn how to develop our latent knowledge. We shall thus reach marvellous information about the spiritual world—not all of it, it may be said, of profound significance, and very little of it convincingly proved, but declared to be about facts which, as one writer puts it, are 'as real as Charing Cross.' We shall discover, for example, that the astral body projects even during life a few inches beyond our physical body. Or we may discover facts on a higher ethical level, as, for example, that our prayers actually produce bodies functioning after the manner of guardian angels, so that the prayers of a mother for her son may be real forces protecting him in moments of danger or temptation. Through our discernment of the entities belonging to higher realms of being we may discover many of the hitherto unknown laws of Nature, explaining the phenomena of ghosts, mob-psychology, and so on. And, having acquired a vast amount of knowledge of this kind we shall not grumble if we are told that certain regions of knowledge are reserved for an inner circle of initiates, and cannot be entered by the vulgar herd or even by ourselves at our present level of development. There is always plenty of time for the attainment of the goal, and we must not be impatient after the manner of spoilt children.

But notwithstanding the fantastic character of some of these details, we must not blind ourselves to the fact that there is also much good in the teaching of Theosophy. It has had a widespread fascination, and some of the reasons for this have been already suggested. Although it is old with the age of centuries, it persistently suggests a new discovery, and so appeals to those who are restless, uncomfortable in the strait jacket of dogma or depressed by the conclusions of agnostic or materialistic science. It offers a hidden knowledge, and there is something attractive about the possession of an exclusive information, especially if it lays claim to scientific validity, and we do not stop to inquire whether this claim is well-grounded or whether its teaching may not also cause us to wander in the direction of magic and superstition.

But there is good in Theosophy of a deeper and more general character. It has shown much reforming activity in relation to social abuses. We welcome its emphasis upon the value and power of the spiritual, and wonder whether we in Christian circles have laid sufficient stress upon the importance of thought in a universe which we believe to have a spiritual source. The Theosophical explanation of the effectiveness of prayer we may not accept, but have we ourselves reflected sufficiently upon the meaning of this effectiveness in which we profess to believe? Our traditional aversion from the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory may have caused us to be too abrupt in our attitude to final judgment, and Theosophical teaching may suggest that we should pay more attention to the idea of progress in the after-life. Again, Theosophists concentrate upon the intimate relation of the spiritual and the natural, and this might induce us to reflect more frequently than we do upon the essential meaning of Incarnation and the Resurrection, and the mystical significance of our Christian Sacraments.

The relation of Theosophy to Christianity is twofold. Nominally it claims to be more Christian than Christianity. What is good in Christianity is Theosophical, and the Person of Christ must be reinterpreted in order to show this. Historical facts are ruthlessly travestied, and Jesus Christ emerges for Theosophy as one of the Adepts or Masters of Wisdom to whom is entrusted the special care of Christianity. He Himself was a Theosophist, who unfolded His teaching to a select circle of disciples telling them that He spoke to them in parables because to them was 'given to know the mystery of the Kingdom of God.' St. Paul also was a Theosophist, and acknowledged himself as such when he said that he 'will speak wisdom amongst them that are perfect' and describes himself as 'a steward of the mysteries of God.' Thus Theosophy acknowledges a debt to Christianity which is largely imaginary; but on the other hand it repudiates a debt which is actual. Theosophists have not only deduced, but have deducted some of their teachings from Christianity. One of their threefold aims is 'to form a nucleus of universal brotherhood' which is just as much Christian as specifically Theosophical. We need not object to a mere change of title ('a rose,' etc.), but the case is rather more serious when Theosophists go on to abuse Christianity for the absence of the very teachings which have been taken from Christianity; which is much the same

as if we were to steal a man's best suit, and then complain that he was not well dressed when in our company.

The greatest service which Theosophy can render to Christianity is that it should loosen the rigidity of dogmatism and stimulate men everywhere to a rediscovery of the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid within the Christian faith. Those who have gone out from Christianity in the direction of Theosophy may thus be encouraged to return and await at home instead of in exile, the further revelation of the mysteries of the faith. Theosophists themselves, who may have been repelled by narrow views of Christianity, will discover that a fuller knowledge of Christ, to which their own teaching may have contributed, will enable them to find in Him the goal of all their searching, the essential meaning and beauty of the world, and the completest satisfying of the human soul.

Literature.

THE PAULINE EPISTLES.

Professor Robert Martyn Hawkins, D.D., Ph.D., of the Chair of New Testament Language and Literature at Vanderbilt University, has published a work entitled, *The Recovery of the Historical Paul* (Vanderbilt University Press; Nashville, Tennessee; $3.00). It is a title that appears to imply that with the publication of this work St. Paul is truly depicted at last on the canvas of history. 'The Quest of the Historical Paul' would have been a juster and more modest title. For while Dr. Hawkins has given us the fruits of an able and independent analysis of the seven Pauline Epistles from which, if from any sources, we must in his opinion derive our knowledge of St. Paul (Philemon, Galatians, Romans, 1 and 2 Corinthians, 1 Thessalonians, and Philippians), he realizes that he has only made at the most a further contribution towards the problem of according St. Paul his true place in Christian history.

His chief aim has been to distinguish in the Pauline Epistles the genuine passages from the unauthentic and those of doubtful authenticity; and it should be noted that he also analyses 2 Thessalonians, Colossians, and Ephesians, though in the last-named he recognizes no materials with any certainty as genuine.

It would appear that two principles have guided his investigation. They are both of doubtful validity. One is that St. Paul was logically consistent in what he said in his letters over a period of years. The other is that his thought moved consistently on the lines of Hellenistic mysticism and was not affected by Jewish redemptionism.

It is understandable that with such guiding principles Dr. Hawkins has been led to reject many Pauline passages that are usually accepted as genuine; sometimes, as we think, out of a mistaken effort to reduce the Pauline texts to logical consistency; and sometimes, as we also think, out of a mistaken effort to interpret the Pauline teaching in terms of Hellenistic categories alone.

Dr. Hawkins is even insistent that the authentic literary style of St. Paul is quite recognizable. Where there is departure from it, the text is at once suspect. For example, the *kenosis* passage (Ph 2^{6-11}) is rejected, and the primary ground of rejection is that it is built up in balanced technical phrases and comes between two passages composed of simple words simply arranged. But the argument from style is very precarious. The passage is also rejected because of its contents, which are regarded as un-Pauline, as being unfaithful to the idea of a genuine incarnation. But is it so?

It seems to us that Dr. Hawkins is here guilty of a piece of careless exegesis. He is surely wrong in treating the passage as a sample of that docetic view of Christ's manhood that culminated in the Cyrillian interpretation of the dogma of the Two Natures. 'Christ merely took the "form" of a servant; he was made in the "likeness" of men; he was found "in fashion" as a man. This writer just could not bring himself to the point that Christ became man.' The reader ought to have been told that this conclusion is not in line with the usual findings of scholarly commentators. If Dr. Hawkins will not regard 'form' as anything more than 'shape' or 'appearance,' he must still reckon with the realism of the phrase in the same passage, 'he humbled himself.' If any Scriptural writer brought himself to the point of affirming a real incarnation it was this writer.

One cannot but reflect that if Dr. Hawkins' conclusions were accepted it would make a great difference to the exposition of Pauline Theology. Thus Ro 1^{20} ('the invisible things,' etc.) would go, and no formal foundation text for the principle of natural theology could claim St. Paul's authority (though the principle might be a valid one all the same). Or again, Ro 5^{12} ('for that all have sinned') would go, and no actual foundation text for the doctrine of 'original sin,' or rather 'original death,' could claim St. Paul's authority, or for that matter the authority of any Scriptural writer. The first point would be acceptable to Barthian theologians, the second would not be so acceptable.

W. Fulton.

THE FORMATION OF CONSCIENCES.

Any minister who has it upon his conscience to unfold for his people the social implications of the faith would do well to look at a volume entitled *The Rebel Church*, a collection of thirteen sermons by noted preachers of Britain, Europe, and

America (James Clarke: 4s. 6d. net). Some of these sermons are good, some not so good. It is one of the latter group that will prove most stimulating to the minister's own thinking. It is by Dr. V. A. Demant, who has several volumes on Christian Sociology to his credit, and it is called 'The Formation of Consciences.'

Many Christians, says Dr. Demant, are turning to a pure salvation doctrine accompanied by pessimism about the world. That is the nemesis of making appeals to conscience without any effort at the formation of consciences. The conscience has been assumed to see its way clearly by virtue of simple Christian profession. In fact, the Christian conscience in the economic order is often bewildered, and that bewilderment springs from the false assumptions that the economic order is a neutral affair and that Christian purposes will be served if only men do their moral best in it. If the Christian faith is to regain the initiative the Christian conscience must be informed with a Christian mind, and Christian ethics must be reset in a dogmatic context. For the building of that Christian mind which will become the basis of the formation of consciences at least two fundamental postulates of a Christian philosophy are essential—the theology of Grace, including original sin and redemption, and the theology of Natural Law, including the essential nature of man and implying a proper hierarchy of his activities.

The second of these, the theology of Natural Law, requires much fresh Christian thinking. Our author suggests that an organized activity may contravene Natural Law in three ways. First, the social activity may be itself invalid, for example immoral occupations and trivial jobs which no one really wants, like certain forms of salesmanship. Second, an activity may be valid and healthy up to a point, but beyond that it becomes both a symptom and a cause of ill-health, for example the excessive growth of insurance culminating in absurdities like 'insuring against peace.' Third, an activity though valid may violate Natural Law by holding a place in society which does not belong to it, as judged according to the constitution of man's essential being. Here Dr. Demant would include nearly every major department of economic life to-day, for the primary economic function of extracting the means of human life from the land, the mines and the sea has become the lackey of the manufacture of technical appliances, and the commercial and financial activities of society outweigh in social power and sometimes even veto the more elemental economic processes.

The growth of a Christian mind and a conscience informed by that mind will teach the Christian to do his moral best in his place in a disordered activity, while keeping mind and conscience aware that the order of social activities is false. Moreover, working for a more natural social order he will be ready to acknowledge that this does not necessarily require the conversion of all men to the Christian ethic, yet, on the other hand, recognizing that our industrialist commercialism is perhaps the most unnatural social order in history he will confess that it is chiefly his Christian faith, with its point of vantage outside the natural life, which enables him to discern its unnaturalness. In brief, the Christian must learn to 'live under protest.'

STEWART MECHIE.

A book of *Missionary Prayers*, by Mr. Ronald W. Thomson (Carey Press; 3s. 6d. net), is meant for the guidance of Intermediate and Senior Sunday School Leaders and others engaged on similar work. Anything that would improve the devotions in the Sunday School is very welcome, and these prayers have a good title to be received, and will be used, with gratitude. There are 'General Missionary Prayers' and prayers for particular missionary causes, prayers for various fields, and in addition a missionary Lectionary. We commend this little book cordially.

A delightful series of 'Bible Story and Picture Books' for young children is issued by Carwal Publications, Ltd., Grosvenor House, Wallington, Surrey, at five shillings net each. They are 'edited' by Miss Bertha C. Krall and have seventeen full-page illustrations, besides smaller ones, by Miss Rene Cloke. Number one is *Jesus our Friend*, Number two is *People of the Bible* (Abraham to Elisha). The type is large and clear and the pictures are first-rate. They are nearly all left plain so that the child may colour them according to his fancy. The stories are told in simple language, and the books will make welcome presents to young people.

Dr. Adolph Keller is an acknowledged authority on the religious situation on the Continent of Europe to-day. No man has travelled more widely over the Continent, made more personal contacts with its religious leaders, and pondered more deeply its problems. His most recent book, *Christian Europe To-day* (Epworth Press; 12s. 6d. net), will probably rank as his greatest contribution to the subject. The picture he paints is terrible beyond imagination, yet also heartsome and inspiring. It is a picture of churches under the Cross, yet militant and hopeful; cast into the midst of a fiery furnace, yet not consumed because the Son of God is with them in the fire. There have been a number of publications giving detailed accounts of persecutions and sufferings. Dr. Keller deals rather with fundamental principles, with the underlying antagonisms which have led to these demonic outbursts. He not only shows how the persecuted churches have responded with quickened faith, but he deals in a statesmanlike way with the situation which has arisen and brings forward many suggestions of the highest value for the construction of a new Christian order. The book deserves the most serious consideration and study by all thoughtful minds in the Christian world.

Dr. Albert Peel, who is the accomplished editor

of the 'Congregational Quarterly,' delivered four lectures in the University College of North Wales last May. They have been published (fortunately as they were spoken) with the title: *The Christian Basis of Democracy* (Independent Press; 4s. 6d. net). The gist of the lectures is an intelligent emphasis on the significance of the Individual as the indispensable basis of a true democracy. This, the central principle of the New Testament ethical teaching, was rediscovered at the Reformation, but the Church has never, until the present time, realised its economic and social implications. It failed to apply its basal doctrine to life all round. And it is the task of the Church to-day to rectify this, to bring *all* life under the influence of Christian teaching and thus to enrich the fullness of the individual's life. Dr. Peel makes his view quite clear that Christianity and Democracy are 'bound up in the bundle of life' together. They stand or fall together. These lectures are on well-worn themes, but let no one think he can neglect them because he has heard all about this subject so often. There is a freshness and vitality and interest in the lectures that arise from the direct and original outlook of the lecturer. Incidentally it is interesting to learn that the three men who would be Dr. Peel's first choice as members of a new Second Chamber are Dr. Ernest Barker, Sir Richard Livingstone, and Dr. A. D. Lindsay—a sound judgment.

From the Inter-Varsity Fellowship of Evangelical Unions there come the first two pamphlets of a series on 'Vital Issues.' The theme of the first is *Peace with God*, by the Rev. W. G. M. Martin, M.A. (6d. net). It is a brief survey of practically the whole field of evangelical theology. Frankly the writer attempts too much in the space at his disposal, with the result that his statements will hardly appear convincing except to those already convinced.

The second pamphlet on *The Restoration of the Soul*, by the Rev. Professor Daniel Lamont, D.D. (6d. net), is a much more adequate treatment of its subject. Its three main chapters deal with the nature of soul-sickness, its cause and its remedy. Professor Lamont writes with the mature wisdom and ripe knowledge of one who has given a lifetime of study to his theme, and who has verified in his own experience the spiritual realities which he here so persuasively treats.

While the book does not come within the range to which THE EXPOSITORY TIMES is properly limited, the general reader will find much important information in *The American Jewish Year Book*, volume 45 (Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia; $3.00). It gives a summary account of nearly every side of the life and progress of American Jewry, but the average reader's interest will be engaged chiefly by the statements of the Nazi persecutions of Jews in Axis and occupied countries. The record of horror is carried down to the summer of 1943, and there is no reason to suppose that conditions have improved in the last few months.

That the Christian Faith has applications of a social, economic, and political kind is freely acknowledged to-day. Perhaps there is a danger that Christian reformers should busy themselves too exclusively with large-scale schemes of reform without taking due care to relate them to fundamental Christian principles. *Christ and Human Values*, by the Rev. W. H. Murray Walton, M.A. (Lutterworth Press; 4s. 6d. net), is 'a study of the teaching of our Lord and its bearing on some of the problems of our day.' The writer deals with such topics as the Sanctity of Personality, Equality, Freedom, Wealth, etc. The excellence of his work lies in this that he combines careful consideration of Christ's teaching with a sane application of its principles to present-day problems. The book is written with clearness, sound judgment and Christian wisdom.

Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, delivered the first of what is to be an annual series of lectures promoted by the National Book Council, whose main object is to give guidance in the work of creating and using satisfactory collections of books. Dr. Temple is Vice-President and has taken a real interest in its activities. His lecture, *The Resources and Influence of English Literature* (National Book Council, London; 2s. net), is just a chat about books by a cultured, fertile, and informed lover of them. He begins with the lowest form of literature, the Limerick, and gives us some choice specimens. Then he goes on to rank with the Limerick, 'and only just above it' (words that will be greeted with hoots of derision from multitudes), the detective novel, and then the serious novel, and then literature that is the interpretation of life, and so on. It is all delightful reading, sometimes humorous, sometimes daring and always challenging. Dr. Temple fails to find any pleasure from reading Milton and he thinks Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' among the worst books ever committed to paper. These opinions will at least show how independent the Archbishop's judgments are.

A book of devotion that appeals to the mind as well as to the heart has been written by Camp Officers of the Federation of University Women's Camps for School-girls and Students. The object is to help these young people to understand the Christian Faith and enter into the fellowship and service of the Christian Church. In an almost brusque preface the editor gives some very sensible advice as to the use of the book. There are twelve chapters, each written by a separate hand (or hands). The title of the book is *I believe in One God: A Book for the Quiet Time* (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net), and all the topics flow from this ultimate conviction. All the great evangelical truths are looked at, and the brief treatment of each is marked by freshness and reality. This is a book to be cordially commended not only to thoughtful youth but to all who will benefit from an intelligent and devout treatment of the Christian facts. And which of us does not desire that?

Where was Emmaus? Why not 'Imwas?

By the Reverend Eric F. F. Bishop, Newman School of Missions, Thabor, Jerusalem.

This last Easter Day saw us down in *Al Atrun* taking an Easter Communion Service for some members of H.M.F. The place according to some traditions is connected with the penitent thief (*Latro*).[1] But more interesting is the fact that it is about a mile away from 'Imwas—the ancient Nicopolis—the Eusebian and Hieronymian site of the delightful Emmaus story. Looking across the intervening fields of green to the present κώμη, what could one do but take the perfect Easter story of how 'He was known in the breaking of bread'? [2] Coming down from Jerusalem too we were impressed as never previously by the cross-roads leading off either to Lydda and Jaffa or across the Vale of Sorek (Wady as Sirar) to Gaza as by the road running past 'Imwas and on up through the Beth Horons to RamAllah. It all seemed so natural that at this spot—just a kilometre and a bit from 'Imwas—He 'made as though He would have gone further'—along either of two directions.[3]

There has been a swing away from this site as a possibility of Emmaus according to Eusebius and Jerome (both of whom after all knew their Palestine), and most of the Commentaries and Bible Dictionaries either leave the matter open or incline to the opinion of Emmaus being found at *Kolonia*, at the bottom of the first descent from Jerusalem on the Jaffa Road. With few exceptions this does not seem to command the assent of the residents of Jerusalem—foreign or native. It is too near; perhaps we might go further and say it does not have the 'feel.' Dr. E. W. G. Masterman, missionary-archæologist, with an interest in all things Palestinian for half a century and more, used to tell us how in the old days the trip to Kolonia and back was considered the Saturday afternoon ride between tea and supper, down to the bottom of the hill from the English Mission Hospital and a quick gallop back. No, Kolonia is too near; or, putting it the other way, nothing like far enough for Him 'to have begun from Moses and all the prophets and expounded unto them from all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.' [4] Besides it is only half the required distance, if we read *sixty* stadia. It seems special pleading to make a case for it.

Then there is *Kubeibeh*, which has just two things to recommend it—its beauty—and it has grown more beautiful with the years; while it is the requisite distance from Jerusalem. But that is all; and no one thought of it for thirteen hundred years and more. Is it not really in the same group of sites as Kafr Kenna for Cana of Galilee—easy of access for the pilgrim, which may be another recommendation but surely not one that counts? On one of the occasions when we were there a 'fellah' (Muslim) came along and told us that the real Emmaus was further on down towards the plain and didn't we want to go there too? [5] Perhaps the hurried return of the pair of disciples might have been along the route through Kubeibeh; but this is about as near to the Lukan story as we can allow the place to reach.

The third site suggested is Qiryat al 'Einab, the modern Abu Ghosh, also on the main road to Jaffa; and perhaps not enough justice has been done to the theory of M. Clermont-Ganneau that possibly some confusion as to site of Emmaus may have been caused through Qiryat al 'Einab and 'Imwas being the summer and winter residences of the inhabitants of both villages; and, if we may be allowed the next guess, of the Roman legions stationed as guardians of the road.[6] True it is that still there is some relationship between the two places; a recent invitation to the 'Mukhtars' [7] of the District was sent out in the names of the 'Mukhtars' of these two villages; and actually the tomb of Abu Ghosh himself is about equi-distant between 'Imwas and the village that has come to bear his name.

So we come to 'Imwas again. Much that Robinson wrote more than ninety years ago in favour of this Fourth Century site would still seem to hold good; and though he knew that some MSS. were on his side with their '160 stadia' he did not expect such allies as ℵ and Θ.[8] The arguments used for the alteration of the text from 'sixty' to 'a hundred and sixty,' and vice versa, do not differ overmuch as arguments; it is just as possible to prove (*sic*) one theory or another from the rectification of a tampered text.[9] Incidentally this is the only place in the whole of Luke–Acts where distance is calculated in terms of stadia—so that why should not the whole

[1] Words beginning with 'L' lend themselves to Arabization with the article: cf. Robinson, *Biblical Researches* (1852).

[2] Lk 24[35]. [3] Lk 24[28]. [4] Lk 24[27].

[5] He certainly meant 'Imwas.

[6] *Archæological Researches in Palestine*, ii. 8, 84, etc.

[7] The Head of a village—sometimes more than one.

[8] *op. cit.*, 147–150.

[9] Might '160' be the Cæsarean Tradition?

phrase be reckoned an early interpolation? The distance has been computed as twenty-two Roman miles, although this may be on the generous side. The article in H.D.C.G. mentions four possible routes from Emmaus to Jerusalem, giving the distances in stadia.[1] The longest of 180 is probably the one through the Beth-Horons and RamAllah and can be neglected. Of the other three one would probably follow the present main road up from Jaffa but cutting straight across from Abu Ghosh to Kolonia; the second would join it at Abu Ghosh, having cut off a corner through skirting behind the village of Deir 'Ayyub; and the fourth perhaps reach Jerusalem going through or near to Kubeibeh and entering the Holy City at another point, not far from where St. George's Cathedral now stands. There are some nine 'stadia' between these three; but if we reduce the total distance to be covered to some sixteen miles, as some have claimed in recent years, by the shortest possible route, we are faced with the fact that this would be reckoned the normal 'day's journey' at any rate for pedestrians.

It is this sixteen-mile trek, which is used as argument against the one place that still bears the very name. That it antedates the Arab invasion is proved by the fact that no article precedes it. But why on the face of it should it be thought out of the question that two Palestinians with such a piece of 'good news' should boggle over returning to Jerusalem on the spot, however far the distance and however late it was? Perhaps they had started early in the morning and taken the full six and a half hours, needed for the hike over a bad road; and if their fellow-traveller overtook them fairly soon, it may even have taken longer; for the talk had assumed more importance than the walk. They would naturally aim at being back in their village some time before the evening meal; the *fellahin* think about the wending of their homeward way certainly by 3 p.m. Even given but a couple of hours with Jesus in Emmaus, there is nothing unlikely in their being on the road again by 5.30 to 6 p.m. That was about sunset time; and they would have to wait a couple of hours more for the Pass-over Moon, which would take them the better part of the way to the Upper Room, where the disciples were 'revelling' in what Palestinians always enjoy, a 'Sahra'—an evening round the fire indoors or out in the open, as the shepherds at Bethlehem.[2] This time the subject was 'immense,' and into the middle of the 'sahra' just in time came the two friends from Emmaus. True that the urgency of their message had lent them 'wings'; *but we are surely not obliged to take it for granted that, because they walked down to Emmaus* —providentially as it transpired—*they necessarily walked back*. Donkeys seem to have been plenteous in Palestine since the days of the Judges at least. Our pictures of the Triumphal Entry are surely most probably wrong in one absent feature. As a rule the artists—naturally perhaps—have the one donkey necessary, but in point of fact there surely must have been scores with the pilgrims from Galilee and Transjordan. In this case too—but it seems to have escaped the attention of most commentators—Cleopas and his friend would have procured the best donkeys available in the village. If ever the King's business required haste, it was then; and Palestinians either are prepared to take their time about things which is mostly the case, or, when something extra special must be done, to put their whole souls with utmost haste into its execution.[3] With reasonably responsive donkeys, which should certainly have had a Sabbath rest within the previous forty-eight hours, there is no decisive reason against their not having covered the distance in five hours or perhaps even less. Anyhow, no one can have done much sleeping those first nights of Christian history. Some day we must try the three possible routes and find out if any one of them is quickest. The advocates of 'Imwas as Emmaus are a not unimpressive group, Jerome, Eusebius, Robinson, Clermont-Ganneau, de Saulcy,[4] Dalman,[5] with their disciples increasing among the modern residents of Jerusalem. George Adam Smith queries both Kolonia and 'Imwas with Emmaus in his atlas. But the point is that it is not the distance from Jerusalem[6] nor the later name of Nicopolis that can be allowed to foreclose the issue; nor should the use of κώμη be overdone. The Arabic '*balad*' in these days can be used for any sized place from Jerusalem downwards; but in most cases it would mean a smaller place, because there is a majority of smaller places in Palestine. Hence 'baladi' may mean 'my village' or 'my town' in accordance with circumstances. May we not justifiably ask that the 'balad' of Cleopas and his companion (perhaps his son) be put again on the map of Palestine as it was in the days of Jesus?

[1] Vol. i. 515.
[2] Cf. Beit *Sahur*, the village nearest the Fields of the Shepherds.
[3] Cf. 2 K 4^{24}.
[4] *Voyage en Terre Sainte*, 86 et passim.
[5] *Sacred Sites and Ways*, 227 ff.
[6] e.g. *Message and Mission of Jesus*, 293.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Saving is Losing.

By the Reverend F. C. Watts, Birmingham.

'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it.'—Mk 8^{35}.

Jesus said many things that are easy for us to understand. There is this: 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' We all know that text and this one too: 'I am the good shepherd.' But some things Jesus said want a lot more thinking about before we get at their meaning. It is like a hard shell before we come to the part we like to eat.

Here is something Jesus said that sounds very strange: 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it.' How can saving anything mean losing it?

Among the stories of Jesus there is one about a man who was leaving home and he gave his servants some money and told them to trade with it and make more of it. One of them was a stupid fellow—perhaps he had never had so much money before. He wrapped it up very carefully and hid it away.

When the master came back he was greatly pleased with all the others because they had done wisely with their money and added to it, but he was angry with this one and took away the money that had been given to him and gave it to the one who had done the best. Thus he lost all by saving.

Suppose a farmer—and it is a 'suppose' because I don't think any farmer could be so foolish—having had a good corn harvest put all the precious grain into his barn and bolted the door. He did not send any to the miller nor did he put any on one side as seed for the next harvest. He saved it and I expect the rats got to it and it would get mouldy and so saving would become losing.

A young man had an umbrella given him. It was one of the best—good silk and a fine handle. He had never had so nice an umbrella before and he was very proud of it. He rolled it up smoothly and put it in a case. He did not want it to get soiled with mud or wetted with rain. When it was likely to be stormy he took his old umbrella. One day he was going out. The sun was shining and he thought it was quite safe to take that best umbrella. But it did rain after all. So at last he felt compelled to open it. Alas, it had been so tightly rolled up and for such a long time that the silk was all split and it looked a nasty ragged thing. He was a bad loser by trying to save.

God has given us these wonderful bodies to use in the right way. Suppose we thought to save our strength by stopping in bed. We should be good for nothing and our muscles would all get soft and flabby.

And so with our brains, it is only by using them, thinking and learning, that we really save them and make them better and better.

And so Jesus means when we use our life in the right way we are really saving it. And the right way is the Jesus-way—the way of unselfishness—living for others; as He did when He went about doing good.

Let us finish the verse, 'Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake . . . shall save it.' We may never be called to die for the truth as the martyrs were but we are all called to live bravely for the right—to please God and not ourselves. That is the way of real gain and joy. So many, more than we can count, have found this to be true. Put it to the test and you also will find it true.

Camels and Grumblers.

By the Reverend Derrick Cuthbert, B.A., B.D., Laxey, Isle of Man.

'He answered . . . I will not: but afterward he repented, and went.'—Mt 21^{29}.

In that exciting book of missionary adventure, *Through Jade Gate and Central Asia*, by Mildred Cable and Francesca French, there is a most interesting paragraph about the camel, which is used as a beast of burden in the deserts of Asia just as it is in Africa. The authors tell us that when a camel is being loaded at the start of a journey it begins to complain with loud groanings and grumblings as soon as the first package is put on its back, and it goes on protesting as each piece of luggage, however small, is added to the burden it has to carry. It is as if the camel were saying, 'What? you expect me to carry *that*? Oh, but I couldn't possibly manage it! And now something else? Really this is getting beyond a joke! And this huge box as well? But this is ridiculous! How on earth can you expect me to carry all this stuff? I'm a camel, not an elephant!'

The rumblings and grumblings continue as the load is fastened on, but the driver takes no notice at all. Then suddenly the camel stops complaining, and at once the driver says, 'Enough! Put no more on this beast.'

So if you ever own a camel remember that when the camel *stops* complaining that is the sign that it has on its back as much as it can carry. Camels, it seems, are born grumblers, and that perhaps is why we speak of people 'getting the hump' when they are cross and out-of-sorts. But, since the camel ceases to complain when the limit of its strength is reached, one can see how easy it would be for someone who did not know much about it to go on piling on more packages, thinking that it was quite all right, until he had added 'the last straw that breaks the camel's back.'

There are very many people who behave like the camel in this respect. If you ask them to do a

piece of work they are full of complaints; yet they do it. At first you think, 'What unhelpful folk they are!' but when you get to know them you simply take no notice of their grumbling because you know they will do as you ask despite all the fuss they make about doing it. In fact, you take more notice of their silence than of their complaints, for when they do not complain that is usually the sign that they are really hurt. Their grumbling is no more than a habit; indeed they seem to enjoy it.

There were people like this in the days of Jesus. You may remember that He put one of them into a little parable—the son who was asked by his father to go and work in the vineyard. He too was a born grumbler. He said, 'I won't go!' But he went all the same, and we can be pretty sure that he did his work well. The father had another son, and when he was asked to go and work in the vineyard he said, 'Certainly, sir, I'll go at once.' How respectful he was! But he did not go. 'Which of these two did what his father wanted?' asked Jesus, and of course everybody answered, 'The first one'—the grumbler. As you read the Gospels you will find that on many other occasions besides this one Jesus taught that the important thing is not what people *say* they will, or will not, do, but what they *do*. Nobody is going to suggest that grumbling is a good thing; of course it is not! But it is what we *do* that shows the kind of people we really are at heart. When you feel like condemning somebody for his grumbling, remember the camel, and be patient with him.

The Christian Year.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

Our Sanctuaries.

BY THE REVEREND T. TUDOR RHYS, B.A., B.D., HINCKLEY.

'My steps had well nigh slipped . . . until I went into the sanctuary of God.'—Ps $73^{2.\ 17}$ (R.V.).

Many years ago in the Balkans I saw a strange sight. It was in a church. Huddled together around the altar steps was a group of frightened refugees. There they were with their pots and pans, the family bedstead, and even a few hens. Outside there had been deeds too dark to name, but in the House of God they were safe. They had found sanctuary.

In these days of total this, that, and the other we are not safe anywhere and there is no respect of places. But there is something in this ancient idea of sanctuary—even for the body. For it is often through the body that the mind is maimed and the soul assailed, and what we really crave is refuge for the mind, sanctuary for the soul: 'Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.' This psalm might have been, and is, written for us to-day. It tells the story of a man who found the threefold sanctuary of the soul.

1. *Reverence for that which is within you.* What, then, is within you? Which of these two things is the better thing—not the more convenient at the moment, not the more expedient in the circumstances but the altogether better thing—to tell the truth or to tell the lie, to keep your word or to break your promise? Of course, you know, and so do I. We know the difference between right and wrong and we know which of the two is the better. Respect your knowledge of that difference. That is your sanctuary. It is reverence for that which is within you.

This Psalmist saw what many good people see to-day, he saw that the liars, the swindlers, the tyrants of this world not only seemed to be 'getting away with it' but that they prospered by their perfidy. And that is where he 'well nigh slipped.' He began to envy the wicked, and the chill doubt knifed its way into his brain: Is goodness worth while? 'Sorely it troubled me, till I found out God's secret' (Moffatt). What is this divine secret? Of what kind is this sanctuary?

If we do not look deeply enough we may do this Psalmist scant justice. It seems, on the surface, as though he had found sanctuary in the notion that it is better to be good, because, in the long run, evil does not pay. It is better to cling to God because, in the end, God will win. But that is not the highest kind of moral heroism. It reminds one of those Roman citizens of 1870 who bought two sets of flags, the Pope's colours and the tricolour, so that they might be ready whichever side might win! But our Psalmist was made of sterner stuff and he had found a deeper sanctuary. One may on occasion, as this man did, envy the wicked their temporary gains. One may go so far as to do violence to what is true and just. One may, in a moment of weakness or revolt, defend the ignoble and deride the noble. But there is hardly a man who would admit, and make that admission gladly, that that sort of thing is the norm for himself or for others. Whatever a man may do at any moment he has a pretty shrewd notion of what he ought to do. That is the secret which God has seen good to share with us men. He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good. That is our sanctuary. And any middle-aged man may put that to the test for himself. What makes you glad when you look back? Is it to recall some departure from the truth which won for you a temporary gain? No, it is every memory of those occasions when you shared God's secret in the inner sanctuary of the altogether good, whatever the cost may have been. Whatsoever things are true and honest and just and pure—think on these things, and the God of peace shall be with you.

2. *Reverence for those who are around you.* One day, while Huxley was touring the Scottish Highlands, he asked the shepherd who was with him to look through his microscope at the wild flowers growing at his feet. The man did so, and was amazed at the vision of beauty revealed to him. 'I wish ye hadna let me see that, sir,' he said, in an awestricken tone, 'I trample on thousands of them every day.' That was the kind of awakening which came to this Psalmist that

day in the sanctuary. It was the sense of reverence for those who were around him. All around us there are people like ourselves. Their faith in God and in the good may be as tender as our own and exposed to the same kind of doubts. It is all too easy to trample on the faith of others merely by drawing attention to our own lack of it. That is where this Psalmist 'almost slipped.' 'Had I meant to utter this aloud, I had been faithless to thy family.' If you have any perplexities, says this wise man to us to-day, don't preach them. If you have any doubts, don't disseminate them. And don't leave any old grudges lying about. Your care and considerateness of others will be a sanctuary for your own soul.

How often have men proved this to be true! In the old days *Blackwood's Magazine* was notorious for the bitterness of its criticisms—of Hazlitt, for instance. But two years after Hazlitt's death 'Blackwood' repented, and Christopher North made amends in an apology which closes with his famous utterance: 'The animosities are mortal, the humanities live for ever.' And the time may come when any man can put that to the test for himself. 'When death, the great reconciler, has come,' wrote George Eliot, 'it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.' A man's soul finds sanctuary in the sense of reverence for the souls of others and the inscription over its door is the word of Jesus: 'For their sakes I sanctify myself.'

3. *Reverence for Him who is above you.* I wonder how many of us, at one time or another, have made the slip implied in the Psalmist's confession. Perhaps we had been taking refuge in the wrong kind of sanctuary and basing our faith in God upon the wrong kind of support. On the idea, for instance, that if you always do what is right you will never get into trouble; if you always go straight your business will automatically prosper; if you live a good life you will never have a serious illness; if you trust in God you will always have your dear ones around you. But suppose (and this happened to the Psalmist) any of these supports should give way. Suppose your health breaks down or your business fails or your home is broken up. Suppose everything goes. Does God go? No, God remains. That is your sanctuary. Indeed, it often happens that, not until all these things go upon which you have been leaning, do you come to the only foundation upon which you can rest your faith in God, and that is upon God alone, upon God Himself. 'My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart.'

That was the ultimate sanctuary of Jesus Himself here upon this earth—'Father, into thy hands.' Cling to that, rest in that, in God alone, in God Himself, and then a wonderful peace will flood your heart and soul, the peace of knowing that, if you let slip your hold on God, God will never let go His hold upon you: 'Thou hast holden me by my right hand.' We are in the hand of God, we and our dear ones and this war-ridden, agonizing world and all the issues of time and eternity. That is our sanctuary.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Freedom.

'Oh that I knew where I might find him!'—Job 23[3].

There is an instinctive desire in the minds of all spiritual souls for some assurance in religion. That is why men have ever set up their varied infallibilities—and any sort of infallibility has its attraction for a certain mould of mind. Thus we are told of an infallible book, or Church, or person, and such bed-rocks mean much to some people, and little to others. That, of course, is why a Church which speaks with final authority always appeals to a certain type of mind. You may think that a stagnant theology in a developing universe is obsolete and impossible. Nevertheless there are those who love the assurance of the changeless. Rome claims to hold the final Truth in its entirety. It bids the seeking sons of men give up a fruitless quest, and rely upon its kindly guidance. But to the robust soul, who is not prepared to hand his mind to the keeping of any institution, things are different, and religion is by no means so easy. He seeks the light, yet he finds no agreement amongst those who claim to reveal it. And so it is that many people have been prone to assert that there is no assurance in religion, and they have cried to their leaders, 'Agree first among yourselves, and then come to us with your findings.' And it all sounds reasonable and fair, yet there are one or two vital considerations which we must of necessity bear in mind.

1. Security of soul must be gained by experience. It is a personal faith to be wrought, and not a tradition to be received.

Lasting assurance of soul must be gained by experience. It must be earned. In the vast sciences of life, the rich discoveries come to those who search, and if we want assurance in religion we must be prepared to take reasonable trouble over the matter too. A living religion must be the result of a personal investigation. Thus the fulness of assurance cannot be framed in a rigid creed. Dynamic religion is always progressive. Assurance is the sequence of the quest. As Glover says, 'If all truth is of God, if God is author of all law and all existence, why should the investigation, the discovery of His laws in one sphere be obviously free to whoever will undertake it, and in another sphere forbidden?' It is a false restriction. Truth is not entirely contained in tradition. Living religion and happy assurance are the reward of the seeker. It is hardly reasonable then to expect personal assurance to be handed on in tradition. Man possesses mind, and conscience, and heart. They are gifts for use in this direction. And it is in the findings of the ages that God reveals Himself to the seekers in every generation. Thus assurance and security in religion are gloriously possible for us all, but they must be sought and earned by each one.

2. We must evade secondary things. There are great certainties upon which all men agree. They are the assurances of religion and life.

Dr. Herbert Gray in his book, *With Christ as*

Guide, makes the following helpful confession. 'So long as religion was for me involved with difficult and even unanswerable questions I failed to have any sincere and whole-hearted joy in it, and therefore it was not for me a life-giving religion. As the years have gone on I have learnt definitely to reject many beliefs which have been associated with Christianity, and consciously to refuse to fatigue my mind with abstruse and abstract issues. As a result I have found life.' It is obvious that many sincere Christians are perplexed about incidental matters which do not affect life in the slightest degree. The folklore of the Old Testament is interesting enough, but it is not related in any minute degree to the final assurances of religion. It seems to be a very urgent need just now to get the religion of Jesus dissociated from unnecessary difficulties and secondary considerations. People spend weary hours over the subject of the Creation Story, or the Lost Tribes of Israel, until these become the supreme matters of religious consideration. Men never agree upon these things. But there is one upon which the scholars of all churches, and of no churches, agree. It is the only ultimate assurance.

3. It is the claim of Christ, the challenge of His teaching, and sufficiency of His personality.

The very manner in which He has become the soul's supreme assurance is a miracle in itself. He was but a village tradesman. Only on one occasion did He leave His native land, and that for two or three days. He had no command of the world's books, and He wrote nothing. Neither did He take steps, so far as we know, to ensure that anyone else should record His words. The Christian Church is not the consequence of His teachings. We must look elsewhere for it. No amount of genius could well account for the ceaseless influence of Jesus. However clever man may be he is but the child of his time and reflects the environment around him. Jesus knew no age. He manifested a mind that belongs not to a period but to all time. His outlook cannot possibly be explained as the product of His setting. There must then be some assurance in that one single voice which rings down the ages and is as insistent to-day as ever. For two thousand years the mainspring of progress has been the teaching of Jesus, its inspiration His spirit; for Him and His ideals no substitute whatever has been found. So far from having surpassed Him we are still painfully toiling upwards after Him. In Christ, and in Christ alone, can the highest type of human progress be achieved.

And so He stands alone, the world's one assurance, the Teacher and Saviour of men. Whatever be said from time to time concerning His Church, Jesus Himself is beyond criticism. 'I find no fault in Him,' said Pilate on a dark day. And for two thousand years the investigations of men have been around Him, and there has not been one serious criticism worthy of note. He is the great and perfect reflection of the will of God, and as such He is my assurance, and claims my loyalty. He is life's great authority. Far too many of the best souls of the world have found Christ to be their unfailing assurance to allow me to doubt the reality of it; yet the assurance can only become enriching to me when it becomes an inward reality. He comes to our spirits and we recognize and willingly yield ourselves to Him because He satisfies our longing for God and nourishes the good life we want to live. He is the Son who makes us free. That then is a greater assurance even than the spoken word of the gospel. Indeed, we do not find the final assurance of Jesus in words at all. There is a sense in which all spoken words must bear the limit and restriction of the particular day in which they are uttered.

The authority of Jesus is found not so much in what He said or did as in what He was. His authority lies in His personality and there men find the authority for which they crave. All men are to some extent conscious of a compelling power in Christ, but only for those who yield their lives to Him in full surrender is His voice finally and compellingly authoritative. And so we can say that the authority of Jesus Christ is different from all other authorities which would claim dominion over us, in that it is not a bondage but a liberation. Christ's assurance is not an imposition but an amplification. In the power of this assurance men find their peace. Wilfred Grenfell says: 'If increasing experience gives increasing wisdom, as I try to write down what I think Christ asks of each individual to-day, it is to do the thing that pleases Him. What Christ seems to be asking me for every time is not comprehension but apprehension, not belief but courage. His religion is not the mean emotion that seeks to save itself, but that ennobling one which in willingly laying down life for others finds its own salvation.'

Perhaps we need this assurance in life and this authority over life more than most things in an age which has largely lost its spiritual confidence. Many there are who to-day cry out, 'Oh that I knew where I might find him.' Yet He is not far from each one of us. To give Him our allegiance is to be liberated from the lesser loyalties which claim authority over us. If you take this step you will find that many problems still cling to the horizon of life, but you will gain the assurance you need.[1]

PASSION SUNDAY.

The Overruling Providence of God.

BY THE REVEREND DAVID CAIRNS, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES.

'Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life.'—Gn 45[5].

It was after midnight in the desert, and the full moon looked down on the ridges and hillocks of sand. Every bush of scrub stood out clear with its shadow black behind it. Above, the huge Sphinx looked out towards the East, its features picked out in light and shadow.

[1] E. E. Johnston, *The Puritan Heritage*, 47.

The night was very still, but now in the distance you could hear something; the padding tread of camels in the sand. They drew nearer, and one by one they climbed out of a ravine in the rocks, and passed along the skyline, beneath the Sphinx, each with its rider, and on this one, look, a captive. A boy with his hands and feet tied, slung half across the saddle, jolting and pitching as the clumsy beast moved forwards. With an effort he raised himself and looked up at the face of the Sphinx that gazed out with a smile above his head. And as he looked at it he cried 'Oh why have I to suffer this? Where are they taking me? Why should my own brothers have sold me into exile? What have I done to deserve such a fate? God of my fathers, have you no power to save or defend, except in my father's house?' The camels pass on their way, the silence of the night settles again, the stars twinkle, the Sphinx gazes steadfastly out over the desert.

And now another scene comes before my eyes. It is night again, and some twenty years have passed. Pharaoh's men are gathering at the door of the audience hall of the Ministry of Food in Memphis, one of the main cities of Egypt. The Viceroy is not yet there, the doors are not open. Let us listen to what the gathering groups of men are saying. 'As we came past Mersa Matruh there was not a soul alive in the village, only a crowd of hungry dogs that attacked us. There was a dead beggar sitting by the gate—clothes flapping in the wind; his empty bowl on his knee—he was a mere bag of skin and bones.'

'Yes, and the same wind was blowing there as here, look at those clouds of dust swirling in the light from that doorway!'

'You came from the north. Are things any better there?'

'No, the wells are all dry, and full of dust, sand everywhere, fig-trees dead, deserted encampments, bones sticking out of the sand.'

The big double doors open from within; an official comes out and says to the crowd, 'You may enter, His Excellency will be with you in a moment.' The crowd throngs in, and sits down in the hall. Then enters the Viceroy with his retinue. The lighted lamps are set up on either side of him. His interpreter stands before him, his secretary sits down with a ledger at a table. Two slaves stand behind with long palm-leaf fans and keep them moving listlessly above his head. For in spite of the winds there is a breathless and dreary heat throughout the night.

An official brings up the groups of applicants for famine relief. The questioning goes on; tickets entitling the bearers to so many bushels of corn and so much meat and wine are allotted. The drone of question, interpretation and answer continues late into the night. But the work cannot stop, for there is famine all over Egypt, and the very next day Joseph must return to the Capital; and there a like work of famine relief awaits him.

There is a murmur at the back of the hall, and then there files in a row of tall gaunt men wearing the turbans and robes of the Bedouin. There are no seats left for them, and so they have to stand there at the back of the hall, with the light full on their faces.

There is a sudden stop in the questioning of an Ethiopian who has come from a country far up the Nile in search of food. The Viceroy turns to his secretary: 'Please repeat what you were saying; I am afraid my attention wandered. . . .' The questioning goes on.

Half an hour later the hearing is ended. The secretary and the interpreter go to the door of the now empty hall. The secretary looks out into the dark. 'Any hope of rain?'

'No, none from that wind!'

'Well, that's a long day's work finished.'

'What happened that time to-night? Joseph doesn't often let his attention wander.'

'Had it anything to do with those Hebrews who came into the hall?'

'I don't know. But did you see his hands, clasping the arms of his chair so hard, the bones were white through the knuckles?'

'Yes, it was odd. Good-night, I'm off to bed.'

He turns to go when the Viceroy's voice comes to him from inside.

'Yes, sir.'

'Tell them to saddle my horse.'

'What, sir, at this time of night?'

'Yes, immediately.'

An hour or two later, and the waning moon is up. A rider draws rein before the Sphinx that looks out over the palm trees and the level plain of the Nile to where the first light of morning will soon appear.

The rider looks for a minute silently up at the smiling Sphinx and then says, 'Once, twenty years ago, I was brought this way as a captive, and in my agony I asked you a question. For you, O Sphinx, are reputed to be wise beyond all men. But you gave me no reply to my riddle. But I think that now I know the answer.'

Then he throws back his head and looks up to the stars, and spreads his arms. 'O Lord God Almighty, God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. To Thee I called in my distress, for I thought that Thou hadst forgotten me. But now there is nothing in my heart but gratitude to Thee. For through my exile and suffering Thou hast given to me the great chance of saving many men alive, yea, and all my father's house, my father and my brothers and their children. Verily they meant it for evil against me, but Thou hast turned it to good. And indeed Thou wast with me, even in my temptation and suffering, in the house of Potiphar and in the prison, and didst guide my steps unto this day. Praise be to Thee, O God, verily Thou art a God that workest wonders, and canst turn the shadow of death into the morning. Yes, I believe that even out of death Thou couldest bring salvation and life for all mankind. Never again will I doubt Thee, in Thee will I put my trust for time and for eternity.'

So Joseph turned and rode away as day began to rise above the level reaches of the Nile.

In these days we have seen the news of the death in battle of men who have been our friends. We

have read of the suffering of millions by war and famine. All over the world there are people who have been themselves struck by the most terrible misfortunes. Are these things the will of God, can such things happen if there is a God who is our Father? It is no good trying to escape the question, for it may be put to us ourselves some day in all its bitterness.

And it's no good trying to give an easy answer, a copybook answer. But God speaks to us from the stories of the Old Testament, and from this story of Joseph, saying, 'My sons, terrible things do happen to My children in the world. They are not My will, though I permit them to happen, for if I did not the world would cease to be a real world. But Joseph learnt that I have the power to bring good out of them. Joseph did not curse Me, or run away from Me, but held to Me, and so I was able to turn suffering to blessing and gain for him and all mankind. For through his misfortunes I was able to save the whole of his people alive, the people whom I chose for My own, and to whom I sent My Son. And from the death of My Son at the hands of wicked men I have brought salvation and hope to all the world. Put your trust then in Me, for though hard things may come to you, I will never forsake you or leave you either, and in the end of the day you too will be able to praise Me and thank Me, and out of evil I will be able to bring good for you and for the whole race of men.'

PALM SUNDAY.

The Meaning of the Cross.

BY THE REVEREND CANON F. A. COCKIN, M.A., ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

In a notebook of the painter Jacopo Bellini there is an unfinished sketch for a picture of the scene outside Jerusalem on Good Friday evening. It is a landscape, in which two objects stand out with special prominence. In the background against the evening sky there are the three crosses. In the foreground there is the figure of a country labourer trudging home after his day's work in the fields. He walks with the bent head and the slouching gait of a tired man. He is tired: and his mind is preoccupied with the thought of supper and bed. He is not apparently interested in the three crosses. He may not even have noticed them. If he has, he has likely enough dismissed them from his mind as just another bit of dirty work by the alien Government, the occupying power; perhaps the tragedy of another batch of hostages, gallant members of the resistance movement, condemned to death as a reprisal.

It would not, I think, be unfair to suggest that the attitude of this man reflects the attitude of large numbers of ordinary men and women towards the event which to us Christians constitutes the focus of our religious thought and devotion: even that it describes in large measure the attitude of our contemporary world to that same event.

Would it be going too far to suggest that there is a trace of this same feeling even in the thought of many who would certainly wish to call themselves Christians? They do indeed recognize in the Cross something which they know stands at the very heart of Christian faith and worship. But they are conscious of this sense of remoteness, irrelevance. They find it hard to feel, and, still more important, to *see* the Cross as the event which has altered the whole course of history, and transformed their own lives.

This is a dangerous state of things, dangerous to the spiritual health of individual souls, equally dangerous to the maintenance of the Christian witness in the world. It is imperative that those who proclaim the gospel should try to present the truth of the Cross in a way which illuminates the actual experience and circumstances of those to whom they speak.

We can start with certain experiences which are sufficiently familiar to all who are not wholly insensitive to the world in which they live.

There are, I imagine, two main impressions which recur with painful insistence.

We are oppressed by the terrible fact of human suffering, suffering on a scale and of an intensity such as has never been parallelled in human history. Some of us have felt its direct impact in our own lives: all of us know people who have. And over and above these instances of individual calamity there is the sheer weight of the thought of millions of ordinary decent innocent men and women and children living in fear, misery, hunger, and darkness of soul.

It is almost inevitable, and most obviously so with those to whom religion means something, that the question should arise—why is this intolerable situation allowed to continue? Doesn't God know, or doesn't He care? Or, worst of all, is it perhaps that He is powerless to deal with it?

But there is a second experience which is even more searching. It is not so common as the first, for it only comes at a deeper level of spiritual sensitiveness. But it is for that very reason more desolating.

When we look below the surface of this mass suffering we see its cause. We realize the sheer power of evil let loose in the world, the brute force of cruelty, brutality, hatred and lies which tyrannizes over men's lives: we perceive the distortion which it produces in the souls of those who yield themselves to it as its instruments, and the scarcely less dreadful effects in the souls of those who are its victims.

As I said, the full weight of the realization only falls upon those whose spiritual perception is sharp enough to distinguish clearly between the problem of evil and the problem of suffering, and to realize the far greater acuteness of the former.

To them indeed this resurgence of evil triumphant brings home the even more agonizing question—Why does not God exert Himself to vindicate justice and innocence against this monstrous uprising of cruelty and falsehood? Suffering we can perhaps begin to understand. It can have a redemptive character. But evil is a

different matter. Does it mean that evil has got altogether out of hand, and that God can only suffer with suffering humanity ?

To these two bitter questionings Christianity has always maintained that the death of Jesus on the Cross is the answer.

But one knows so well how easy it is to use these words : how desperately hard it is, especially at a time such as this, to make them sound real, to make them come real, as a source of light in the darkness, and of faith and power under the long-drawn-out strain.

In one sense no words can do that. It comes only as the fruit of deep and costly personal experience. But at least words can set before us something of what men have found in that experience. What they have found is, in part at least, this.

God Himself has entered into and endured the worst that human nature can be called upon to suffer. Many of you will have listened to Miss Dorothy Sayers' plays, *The Man Born to be King*. If you have heard the Good Friday one, *King of Sorrows*, you will not need any words of mine to bring home to you the sheer brutal reality of what the Crucifixion meant in terms of suffering. And what is more, you will have realized that the physical suffering, dreadful as it was, was a small thing compared with the mental and spiritual agony, the cumulative weight of coarse ribaldry, cynical sight-seeing, vindictive hatred, the bearing of the sin of a world which did not know what it was doing, or knew only too well and gloried in it.

That was what God has endured : and what He has endured He continues to endure. No man who has once seen that can ever doubt that God shares the burden of human suffering.

But we are still left with the more searching doubt. Does He share it, because He can do nothing else, because He is powerless to remove it ?

To answer that we must face the second fact with which our experience confronts us, the fact of evil. The dreadful thing about Good Friday is not that the Son of God suffered such things, but that men could inflict such things upon Him. The dreadful thing about a concentration camp is not that men endure what happens there, but that men do what happens there. It is this, it is God's apparent tolerance or powerlessness in face of this, which is the paralysing problem.

And here we come to the second great affirmation of Christian insight. It is that God Himself has met the full power of evil not only to make men suffer, but to do something infinitely worse, to infect them with its own poison, to make them die cursing God. He has met that and mastered it. If Jesus had for one moment allowed the evil which poured in upon Him to infect Him with itself, to turn that steadfast unshakeable will of goodness into hatred or revenge, into blaspheming God, then indeed there would be no answer to our doubt, no remedy for our despair. For God Himself would have been shown to be mastered by evil.

And here we find an answer to our question, which the consideration of the problem of suffering by itself cannot give. God bears the suffering of the world, but He bears it not as a helpless victim who might awaken our sympathy and admiration. He bears it because that is the price which has to be paid for maintaining the ceaseless conflict with evil. What we see in the passion and death of Jesus is *not* mere passive suffering : it is a supremely active and resolute attack upon the force of evil at its strongest. It is the mustering of the utmost resources of the goodness of God to wear down and finally annihilate the worst that evil can do. From that apparently helpless body on the Cross the power of evil falls back, broken, defeated, powerless.

It takes some believing. It takes some believing even of the Crucifixion itself. It takes even more believing when we look at the Crucifixion across the centuries of man's continued cruelty and greed and self-assertion against God. It takes a terrible deal of believing in this year of grace which sees the total reckoning of the cost of this rebellion.

But nothing less than believing it is the Christian faith. The Christian faith has persisted in calling this day Good Friday, God's Friday, the day on which God won His victory, the day which He made His own. And this faith of Christendom is countersigned as true in the personal knowledge and experience of countless men and women. It is countersigned in your own personal knowledge and experience. It has given you a power to face and bear suffering because you have seen how it can be faced and borne. But it has done more than that : it has enabled you not simply to endure with stoic courage, but to see, to understand that suffering can have a meaning, that it need not be the crippling, thwarting thing that it too often is, that it can be the raw material which is turned into strength and patience and gentleness. It has enabled you to see something more, something which goes to the very heart of truth ; that suffering is something which has got to be faced and borne if men are to face and overcome the thing which is the real enemy, the enemy that matters—evil.

It has opened your eyes to the nature of that real enemy and made you see it for what it is, the little meannesses and jealousies and quarrels and conceits which make life hell in a family or a neighbourhood ; the large-scale monstrous aggressions and tyrannies which make life hell for a continent or a world. It has called on you to fight this real enemy, to resist, as Jesus resisted on the Cross, its power to poison the soul of man, your soul.

And it has given you the power to do that because it has shown you where that power comes from. In the life of Jesus, and above all in His death, there is made plain from where man draws the unshakeable power of holding fast to goodness no matter what the cost. Because of what His life and death were, that same power is available for us.

Good Friday is not a distant, remote, irrelevant date in history. It is a picture of the most real and universal fact in all human experience. The Cross happened once in the life of One who was the

Son of God. It has got to happen in the souls of those who call themselves His followers.

EASTER SUNDAY.

Three Aids to Vision.

BY THE REVEREND R. W. STEWART, B.D., B.Sc., KILLERMONT.

'After that, he was seen of James.'—1 Co 15[7].

History is full of instances of the blindness of men to contemporary greatness. Dante, the glory of Florence, lived in perpetual exile from his beloved city. Shakespeare was no international figure during his life. Though Tennyson's eulogy of Prince Albert, Consort of Queen Victoria, would now command quite general assent, for many years he was slandered, misrepresented, slighted, and disliked, and only for a short space before his untimely death did he begin to overcome the suspicion and distrust of the English nation.

The same failure in discernment may occur in the common round of life. It is the theme of two novels by Henri Bordeaux. In one, *The Woollen Dress*, a remorseful husband tells how, until she died, he never comprehended the nobility and depth of character in the simple country girl he had married. In the other, *Les Yeux qui S'ouvrent*, it is a foolish fashionable girl who has no appreciation of her gifted husband's devotion to his life-work.

The strange and to us almost incredible thing is that Jesus Himself suffered this lack of recognition, not only from the mass of His contemporaries, but from His neighbours and from His own family circle. In particular, during all the years they must have lived in the intimacy of a common home, His brother James was blind to His nobility. Indeed, one is inclined to follow Professor J. A. Robertson in the inference he makes from a careful reading of the Epistle of James. He marks the caustic wit that flashes and sparkles in James' verses, and also how bitterly James writes of the evil wrought by the tongue, 'the little member' that is like a spark to kindle a great fire and is itself set aflame by hell; the untameable bit of man; the stream of poison; and he finds in that passage in James a personal remorse. James was witty, and had a sharp tongue. He had grown up beside Jesus without seeing any beauty in Him; nay, making of his gentle elder brother a butt for his jests, mocking His goodness, His dreamings perhaps, His honesty, His meekness; never noticing the fair perfection of the character of Him beside whom he lived day by day. When Jesus left His trade to obey His Divine vocation and do His Father's work, James and the rest thought Him mad. So, when Jesus trod the stony path, He went down to His doom uncheered by any faith or admiration from His own brother. Surely, one might think, those in His own circle must have noticed something special about Him, some charm of goodness, some amazing gift of insight and tenderness, some genius of sense and understanding, some radiant beauty of holiness. But they were blind. James wrote his Epistle in rueful recollection and bitter remorse.

At length Christ died for sins, and rose again, and was seen of above five hundred brethren at once, and 'after that he was seen of James.' No doubt the words stand here in the text just in the middle of a list, without any intentional emphasis. But they do suggest a reflection on the experience of James with regard to Christ. He had lived beside Jesus for years. Then, as Paul says, Christ died for sins and rose again, and appeared in glory to the brethren, and after that, after all these things had happened, He was seen of James.

There are those who think that belief in the gospel is more difficult to our generation than it was to people in Galilee in the days of His flesh. They cherish the fancy that if they had stood with the multitude on the shore of Gennesaret and heard the very accent of His voice, they would have had no hesitations or doubts. This idea is in the hymn:

> But O, dear Lord, we cry,
> That we Thy face could see,
> Thy blessèd face one moment's space;
> Then might we follow Thee!
>
> Dim tracts of time divide
> Those golden days from me;
> Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
> How can we follow Thee?

It inspires Matthew Arnold's often quoted lines:

> Oh, had I lived in that great day,
> How had its glory new
> Fill'd earth and heaven, and caught away
> My ravish'd spirit too!

But the facts suggest that this is the merest fancy. Who had such a chance as Christ's own brother? Yet it was only after He had died and risen again, and been accepted as the Church's Lord, that He was really seen of James. There is nothing in the records of Galilee to make men think they would find the gospel easier to believe without the great facts that give it its power.

First. One will not make it easier to believe on Jesus by leaving out the Cross. It is certainly possible to make 'the Cross' a catchword, or proposition in law or theology, without really connecting it with Jesus as He taught and worked among men. But it is even more mistaken to talk about the character and teaching of Jesus without the continual recollection that in the end He died for our sins, and that this was what He meant to do.

From the beginning, indeed, the Cross was a difficulty—as Paul says, 'to the Jews an offence, to the Greeks nonsense'; and so the Apostles try to persuade people that it is not an insuperable difficulty. But they never regret that it is there! Rather it is the kind of difficulty that, once overcome, turns into a triumph, so that in the end men glory in the Cross. One need not fear to challenge any Christian, 'Is it because He is good and wise that Jesus holds you, or by His dying love?' 'Love,' one has written, is 'not a garland of roses—it's a crown of thorns.' 'I, if I be lifted up,

will draw all men to me,' said Christ. Never think to make the gospel easier by leaving out the appeal of the Cross.

Second. Nor will one make the gospel easier by leaving out the Resurrection. Sometimes people speak as if it were a pity that the Gospels end with so strange and challenging a report; as if, had Jesus only died and been buried somehow, and there had been no Easter morning, men would be found believing heartily in a merely human Christ. Nay, if Jesus had stayed dead He would soon have been forgotten. The power of the gospel story is not that it is an ordinary story such as might have happened any day. The power of the gospel is that it is an amazing story, so wonderful that it gives an answer to all the hunger and thirst and the doubts and fears and hopes of human nature. What happened was not that Jesus lived a life of such shining beauty that men discovered Him and idolized Him, and of course were very sad when He died. The fact was that, though He lived a life of shining beauty, few noticed, and then, when He died the sadness of these few was soon changed to triumphant joy. The Cross was not the end, for He rose from the grave to live for ever, and 'after that he was seen of James.' It is not the dead Jesus, but the living Christ that makes faith possible to men.

Thirdly. Nor is the gospel made easier by leaving out the Church. No doubt, by its errors and quarrels and sinfulness, the Church may seem to be a hindrance to the gospel. Nevertheless, the Church does bear witness to Christ. From the beginning until now, men have crowned Him Lord, and wherever men have done so with sincere and adoring hearts, people have been impressed anew. Here is James, who had taken no proper notice of Jesus while He lived His life beside him, but now, when hundreds are looking to Him as their Risen Saviour, James at last sees Jesus as if for the first time. The witness of their faith, the contagion of their enthusiasm, touches James, and he, too, beholds the glory of Christ the Lord.

Here are, then, three great elements in the gospel: the Cross, on which Jesus died; His Resurrection to life and glory; the Church that bears witness by its worship. With these realities before his eyes, a man must pass on to the personal interview, the surrender of the soul, the definite decision to crown Him Lord.

Miguel de Unamuno.

II. His Philosophy.

By the Reverend Geraint V. Jones, M.A., B.Litt., Halifax.

I.

It is not easy to classify Unamuno as a religious thinker; indeed, he would have resented classification, which he would have doubtless considered to be the expression of the tyranny of ideas. 'Of all tyrannies,' he characteristically wrote in an early essay addressed to the critic Ramiro Maéztu, 'the one which is most abhorrent to me is that of ideas.' So we must not expect to find in his writings a consistent philosophical system: Unamuno's intellect was too dynamic and eruptive. Yet in spite of a lack of set system there are strong indications of an unwavering attitude towards life. Ideas, to which he remained loyal throughout his long life, recur again and again. In his early essays, some of them written towards the close of the last century and so far untranslated, in his poetry, his *Life of Don Quixote, The Tragic Sense of Life,* in the essays of his late maturity, we find embedded those ideas which we may call the stuff of his philosophy: the primacy of faith, rebellion against modern rationalism, an impulsive belief in the destiny of man for eternal life, a brusque hatred of all that deindividualizes man. The contemporary world has rejected these, but in being their apologist Unamuno does not suggest a laboured revival of orthodoxy: his thought is far too fresh and pulsating for that. He rebelled against the modern mood not because he belonged to an older generation, but because it failed to satisfy him as an individual being; because it was virtually a violation of the nature of man as he understood it.

Throughout his writings there recur two sets of contrasted ideas: faith and reason, illusion and reality: the focal point being *Don Quixote* with all that it symbolizes. These sets of ideas are, so to speak, the pillars of his religious philosophy, and the questions they raise reach to the roots of the philosophical, social, and religious problem of man: questions which, in various ways, Unamuno attempts to answer, and his finest endeavour, *The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and in Peoples,* is one of the great books of the twentieth century, embracing in its scope all experience, and penetrating to the deepest levels of human nature.

II.

One of the greatest of European classics is *Don Quixote,* which is at the same time a great Christian book. Unamuno, in 1905, wrote a com-

mentary on it, which is not only an interpretation of Cervantes but an exposition of his own philosophy. The distinguished Hispanist, Professor Fitzmaurice Kelly, has warned us against finding any ulterior 'meaning' in *Don Quixote*, any symbolism or hidden subtlety; but it is doubtful whether it can be treated simply as a long novel, and it takes more than purely literary appreciation to reveal its hidden riches. But far from being an unreal exposition, Unamuno's commentary is an indispensable aid to the deeper understanding of it. For what is more pregnant with ideas than the contrast between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and what more subtle than the delicate interplay of character as the story unfolds itself? Quixotism and Sanchopanzism, idealism and empiricism, faith and reason, the undying vision on the one hand and the concern for the hard facts of life on the other: these are the pairs of contrasted ideas which Unamuno lays bare and builds into his own picture of the world. Don Quixote fights against windmills, which he mistakes for giants, calls inns castles, prostitutes damsels, innkeepers knights, idealizes a country wench and in knightly style dedicates himself to her. Sancho will have an island to govern ('We have brains enough, but we want the island'): something concrete, definite; but finds reality too much for him. 'I was born to live dying,' Don Quixote says to him, 'thou to die eating.' Sanchopanzism, for Unamuno, stands for 'empiricism, realism, positivism.' Sancho is the average man, the rational, the 'psychical,' 'sarkical' man, in S. Paul's phrase. He hears only the bleating of sheep, sees only the windmills, judges by immediate perception. 'The fear thou art in,' the knight says to him, 'prevents thee, Sancho, from seeing or hearing correctly.' And Unamuno adds: 'Yes, fear, and only fear, fear of death, and of life, prevents us from seeing or hearing correctly; that is, seeing and hearing within, in the substantial world of faith.' In commenting on the incident of the fulling-mills he says: 'No, it is not science that is the redeemer of life, not science alone, however lofty and profound,' but faith, which is of a higher order of perception. Don Quixote sallies forth to put injustice right, to practise the knightly code, to deliver the good from the power of evil, and how difficult all this is. But he is undaunted, for he has the faith which derives from a great vision.

Unamuno is a Quixotist: he walks by faith, not by sight, but being a Spaniard he has in him much of Sancho Panza. 'The practical effect,' he says, 'is the only criterion that will work when it comes to testing visions, of whatever kind.' Yet it is after the Sanchoization of Don Quixote in the Second Part that he makes this observation; on the whole it is Don Quixote, the man of combative, idealistic faith, who conforms most to Unamuno's outlook, not the empiricist Sancho. But what is this 'faith' which Don Quixote represents, this fideistic conception of life, which is so opposed to the rationalism and scepticism of the modern man, that 'faith' which Sancho cannot understand?

In an essay on Faith, written in 1900 (*Ensayos*, ii.), Unamuno writes: 'What is faith? . . . Believing what we did not see? . . . No, rather, creating what we do not see' (a play on *creer*, believe, and *crear*, create). 'Faith is the awareness of life in the depth of our spirit.' 'It is not he who *desires* who has faith, but he who *can*.' 'Faith nourishes itself on the ideal, and the ideal alone, but an actual ideal, concrete, living, incarnate and yet inaccessible; faith seeks the impossible, the absurd, the infinite, the eternal: *full life*. Faith is communion with the universal all, working in Time for Eternity; not for History, but for Eternity. Faith is preaching at night in the desert.' 'Faith is, above all, sincerity, tolerance, and pity.'

Faith, however, is not a straightforward, simple affair: it is inseparable from doubt. 'A faith which does not doubt,' he says in his *Agonía del Cristianismo*, 'is not a real faith,' and in the course of his commentary on Don Quixote, commenting on Sancho's mock 'enchantment' of Dulcinea (Part II. ch. 10), he says:

> 'Only those who doubt can truly believe; those who neither doubt nor are tempted contrary to their faith do not in truth believe. Genuine faith is maintained by doubt, by the doubts which are its food it is nourished, from them it assimilates fresh faith every instant, just as real life is maintained by death and is renovated from moment to moment in a process of continuous creation. A life with no death in it, with no catabolism in its incessant anabolism, would be no more than a perpetual death. . . . Those who doubt do not believe. Faith waxes strong by resolving doubts. . . . In the maintenance of that struggle between the heart and the head, between feeling and reason, in which the former says "Yes," when the latter says "No"—and not in trying to harmonize them, is the essence of fruitful and saving faith.'

Faith itself is a form of strife, *ἀγωνία*, creative, agonized strife. *Don Quixote* was a convenient symbol of faith as Unamuno understood it; seven years later he returned to the theme of the antagonism of faith and reason in *The Tragic Sense of Life*.

The second set of contrasts is that of illusion and reality. That in which we have faith may be to others illusion; the Sanchopanzist view of life has no room for the intangible and unverifiable.

But what is illusion but another aspect of reality? Don Quixote allows himself to be deceived again and again. The seen is but the visible face of the unseen, and Don Quixote, in his pursuit of apparent illusions, sees things not as they appear to the common man but as they are in their ultimacy; and the vision of ultimate things is to so many no more than an illusion. Windmills, fulling-mills, are, after all, more than machines: they are giants, devastating forces, symbols of the demonic power liberated by man. The disreputable women outside the tavern are for him damsels outside a castle, and he treats them with the courtesy due to their position. Sancho and the innkeeper laugh. But wasn't Don Quixote right? He saw through the appearance into the reality, the innermost being beneath the unpromising exterior. This world of illusion is the world of faith, and for the goatherds, the Sanchos, the innkeepers, the world of faith is the world of illusion, and the 'quixotic fight against destiny' is the endeavour to translate the dream-world into terms of this world. Commenting on the incident of the cave of Montesinos (Part II. ch. 23) Unamuno writes:

> 'If life is a dream, why should we obstinately deny that dreams are life? And all that is life is truth. Is what we call reality anything more than an illusion that leads us to action and productivity?'

And in the essay on *The Tower of Monterrey* he touches on the same theme:

> 'All this is a dream. True! But this dream of stone, in the clarified and frosty light, tells us that dream is what remains, the lasting, the permanent, the substantial, and that on the surface of the dream, like the waves on the surface of the sea, roll our sorrows and our joys, our hates and our loves, our memories and our hopes. The waves are of the sea; but the waves pass and the sea abides; the sorrows and the joys, the hates and the loves, the memories and the hopes, are of the dream, the dream of life, but they—sorrows, joys, hates, loves, memories, hopes—pass away and the dream remains.'

La Vida es Sueño. 'Life is a dream' (Calderón).

And the world of creative imagination: is that illusion? Yes, for the rational man for whom it has no existence in time or space. Yet it is a real world. The world of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza is as much a part of reality as the concrete world of every day, and more lasting. Indeed, for the creative genius it *is* the real world. In the introduction to the 1935 edition of the novel *Niebla*, Unamuno's character, Augusto Pérez, says to the author who has created him: 'Don't you want to let me be myself, to come out of the mist, to live, live, live, to see me, hear me, touch me, feel me? Why not? Why should a fictitious character have to die?' And Unamuno, referring to the world of fiction as opposed to the world of fact, remarks: 'It is in that world more than in this other world that I shall realize myself, if such self-realization is possible.'

The world in which values are conserved, which, after all, is the world of religion, is a real world, and no more illusory than the empirical one. Towards the end of his commentary on *Don Quixote*, Unamuno makes this clear in an eloquent and memorable passage:

> 'Nothing passes away, nothing is dissipated, nothing is reduced to nothingness; the smallest particle of matter and the feeblest touch of energy are everlasting, and there is no vision, however transient, which does not for ever remain reflected somewhere. . . . There is no vision nor thing nor moment of consciousness which does not descend to the eternal depths whence it emerged and where it remains. This sudden and momentary lightning of dark matter is a dream, life is a dream; and when the flash has gone its reflection sinks into the shadowy depths and stays there until some day a supreme effort re-enkindles it for ever. Death does not triumph over life with the death of life. Death and Life are ineffectual terms which we use in this prison of time and space; both have a common root the ramification of which stretches throughout the eternity of the infinite: in God, the Consciousness of the Universe.'

III.

It is in *The Tragic Sense of Life* that Unamuno's rich thought comes to its fruition and maturity. This is his greatest book, and one which has justly gained him a reputation far outside the frontiers of his own country. Neither pure philosophy nor pure theology, but richer and more personal than either, sometimes approaching pure mysticism, it is an eloquent and lively assertion of the Christian conception of man. Philosophy, he says, is not the product of thought, but of the humanity of the philosopher, who philosophizes 'not with the reason only but with the feelings, with the flesh, with the bones, with the whole soul and the whole body.' If this is what the philosopher does, then Unamuno is a profounder thinker than any academic philosopher.

The book, in a word, is an attack on the tyranny of reason and an affirmation of the primacy of faith, for the ultimate problem with which we are faced, that of our destiny, of the immortality of the soul, is not one to which reason can provide an answer: it comes within the scope of faith. Man is not made to die; he yearns for self-perpetuation, for eternal life; he hungers for immortality, a demand which reason cannot touch. This problem of immortality is the supreme issue of human life, for 'we must not lose sight of the fact that the problem of the personal immor-

tality of the soul involves the whole future of the human species.' This 'longing not to die is the affective basis of all knowledge and the starting-point of philosophy.' Unamuno rejects the valuation of life through sense-perception alone and maintains that the ideal world, the world of values, is as real as that which is perceived by the senses. There is a sensible world, the product of our senses, our 'hunger,' and there is an ideal world, perceptible only by senses which as yet are dormant, which is the creation of love.

Man is faced with frustration, with failure, with the fact of tragedy, and in the face of these he is driven to postulate immortality, not as a rational solution (there is only rational *dissolution*) of his problems, but as an assertion of faith involving his whole destiny. Reason, in fact, is a dissolvent, and because man is compounded of two opposites, faith and reason, because he is at once Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, an idealist and an empiricist, he finds himself in a state of perpetual tension which gives birth to the 'tragic sense of life.' Without the satisfaction of the 'hunger of immortality' there is no way out of the tragedy, nor can values created by man be more than relative, for Unamuno considers futile the process of 'manufacturing culture, of progressing, of realizing goodness, truth, and beauty, of establishing justice on earth, of improving life for those who shall come afterwards, of subserving I know not what destiny,' without taking thought of individual survival. Of what use are these cultural values 'if there exists no life to appropriate it all?' In modern times man has grown sceptical about the ultimate conservation of values; he has become a victim of 'absolute relativism, which is neither more nor less than scepticism in the most modern sense of the term,' and is 'the supreme triumph of the reasoning reason': scepticism, not, as Unamuno puts it, 'methodical or Cartesian doubt, this philosophical doubt excogitated in a stove,' but 'passionate doubt, the eternal conflict between reason and feeling, science and life, logic and living.' He finds the laborious doubt of the sceptical philosopher rather comic. Science he describes as a 'cemetery of dead ideas,' for the really vital is irrational, and the rational anti-vital, reason being essentially sceptical and analytical.

From this point Unamuno proceeds to deal with the conflict between faith and reason, which is the essence of tragedy.

> 'The tragic destiny of human thought is simply the history of the struggle between reason and life, reason bent on rationalizing life and forcing it to submit to the inevitable, to mortality; life bent on vitalizing reason and forcing it to serve as a support for its own vital desires.'

Between the two, between reason and life, between philosophy and religion, there can be no agreement; hence, like Don Quixote, we become men of 'heroical despair.' Reason, however, the rational dissolution, leads not to mere doubt, but to despair, to complete denial, to 'vital scepticism,' not to 'we do not know' but to 'we cannot know.' Unamuno does not seek a compromise between faith and reason. 'I do not wish to make peace between my heart and my head.' He wants to find a way out of the impasse, to rise above the despair, this 'tragic sense of life in men and peoples,' which, though possibly hidden, is the very foundation of the consciousness of individuals and nations to-day. It is Unamuno's personal problem, as a man of 'flesh and bone,' and the universal and human problem is 'how out of this abyss of despair hope may arise, and how this critical position may be the well-spring of human, profoundly human action and effort, not of solidarity or even of progress.'

Before, however, discussing the hunger of immortality as the basis for ethics Unamuno, in two great chapters which contain what must be the finest expression of *agape* in modern literature, analyses the concepts of love, suffering, pity, and personality, and a second group consisting of faith, hope and charity. Love itself is a tragic conception, for it is 'the suffering flesh, it is suffering, it is death, that lovers seek to perpetuate on earth . . . and thus it is that, in the depth of love there is the depth of eternal despair, out of which come hope and consolation.' 'To love with the spirit is to pity, and he who pities most loves most.' Agapaic love issuing in compassion is essentially tragic, for love is longing, and all longing has in it an element of anguish. Universal love means the universal personalization of God, and the concept of God arises from 'the protest of life against reason, the unconquerable instinct of personalization.'

> 'When pity, love, reveals to us the whole universe striving to gain, to preserve, and to enlarge its consciousness, striving more and more to saturate itself with consciousness, feeling the pain of the discords which are produced within it, pity reveals to us the likeness of the whole universe to ourselves; it reveals to us that it is human, and it leads us to discover our Father in it, of whose flesh we are flesh; love leads us to personalize the whole of which we form a part.
>
> 'The only way to give finality to the world is to give it consciousness. It is the furious longing to give finality to the universe, to make it conscious and personal, that has brought us to believe in God. . . . Not by the way of reason, but only by the way of love and of suffering, do we come to the living God, the human God. Reason rather separates us from Him.'

It was Unamuno's own scepticism, the 'suffoca-

tion of spirit,' which made him feel the want of God.

> (*Interposed Note.* This suffering, struggling *agape* lies at the heart of Unamuno's idea of Christianity which, in the original sense of the word *ἀγωνία*, is a suffering, struggling faith. In his *Agonía del Cristianismo*, while speaking about Christianity and civilization, he says: 'If the Christian faith, the desperate, fighting faith, dies, our civilization will die too; and if our civilization dies, the Christian faith will die with it.' And we are compelled to live in continual conflict [*agonía*]. In a comment which sums up the whole Johannine problem he says: 'The Fourth Gospel is considered to be the least historical of the four according to the materialistic or realistic notion of history; but in the profoundest, the idealistic or personal, sense, the Fourth, the symbolical Gospel, is much more historical than the synoptics. It has made and is still making the protesting, suffering history [*historia agónica*] of Christianity.')

What, then, does Unamuno seek to establish? This: 'that uncertainty, doubt, perpetual wrestling with the mystery of our final destiny, mental despair, and the lack of any solid and stable dogmatic foundation, may be the basis of an ethic.' The hunger of immortality, the passionate conviction that man is born for eternal life, not for death: this is the means of overcoming the tragic sense of life, and this is to be the basis of morality. Man must act as an irreplaceable individual, not as a creature destined for death. 'Act so that in your own judgment and in the judgment of others you may inherit eternity; act so that you may become irreplaceable, act so that you may not inherit death.' Unamuno has therefore little use for humanists, positivists, and sentimentalists who talk about the sanctity of human life without grounding this sanctity in something more than human and temporal, making fun of—

> 'the ridiculously exaggerated value which those attach to human life who, not really believing in the spirit—that is to say, in personal immortality—tirade against war and the death penalty. For life is of use only in so far as it serves its lord and master, spirit, and if the master perishes with the servant, neither the one nor the other is of any great value.'

It is the value which we place on human life as destined for eternity that should condition our behaviour in this life and form a basis for ethics, not social technique, science, or abstract moral principles: that is, the Christian idea of the individual as precious in the sight of God. This should regulate our attitude towards work and make for the recovery of the vocational conception of business, animating both labour and capital instead of the self-centredness which at present predominates. Neither employers nor employed have any religious idea of the character of work because they have no adequate notion of man as a spiritual being.

The 'other' life, eternal life, is not one of 'angelic contemplation': it must be a life of action, and the end of all our actions, of all our morality, is 'to give humanized, personalized humanity to the universe.'

In the last chapter of the book Unamuno returns to Don Quixote, who for him, a Spaniard, is the supreme symbol of the spiritual struggle in man and of his own personal repudiation of the supremacy of science and reason in the modern world.

> 'That which man seeks in religion, in religious faith, is the salvation of his own individuality, its eternalization, and this cannot be done by art or science or ethics. Neither art nor science nor ethics drives us to God; the only thing that can do this is religion.'

And Don Quixote? He is the expression of 'the struggle between what the world is as science and reason reveal it and what we want it to be, as our religious faith shows it to us.' This struggle is one in which the Christian of the modern world is inevitably, tragically involved, placing him in a dilemma from which on every side he seeks to escape. Perhaps the abiding value of Unamuno's work is that this great Spanish thinker can support us in our reaffirmation of the Christian picture of the world despite the rationalists, the humanists and the scientists.

Contributions and Comments.

A Rhetorical Principle in the Gospels.

According to the compiler of Luke, our Lord's question was unanswerable—'Is it lawful on the sabbath to do good, or to do harm?' (Lk 6[9]). Dr. Daube wrote, 'Jesus asks them, not whether one may heal on the Sabbath or not, but whether one ought to do good or evil on the Sabbath.'

The rhetorical principle which Dr. Daube noticed is that if one may do good on the Sabbath the conclusion is obvious, and therefore Jesus healed the withered hand. It was not lawful to heal the sick on the Sabbath unless they were in danger of death. That was the Jewish law and to the scribes and Pharisees it was Divine. So the question is, would they have answered our Lord if He had asked the foregoing question? We notice that 'the scribes and Pharisees watched

him, whether he would heal on the sabbath, that they might find how to accuse him' (6[7]). It is clear that they watched Him because He could perform miracles and could heal the withered hand. Dr. Daube did not state in the introduction to his article that Jesus told the man with the withered hand to stand up. He was told to stand before Jesus asked the question. So before the question was asked the scribes and Pharisees knew Jesus intended to perform a miracle. They therefore knew the obvious conclusion that our Lord's question implied and so it is possible to hold unless they believed God worked through Jesus that they would have answered, and perhaps as follows. You intend to heal. We know you will heal, but Satan will work through you, for what God forbids to be done on the Sabbath cannot be good. Let him come to be healed on another day.

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Entre Nous.

Herbert Hensley Henson.

The second volume of Dr. Hensley Henson's autobiography—*Retrospect of an Unimportant Life* (Milford; 21s. net)—fully confirms the impression of the first. It is as interesting, as instructive and as revealing. One cavils, however, at every word of the title. The book is not a retrospect. Part of its value and of its fascination is that it is based on a Journal kept religiously every day, so that what we are reading is not the recollection of past events but a strictly contemporaneous account of them. Dr. Henson poured into his Journal a copious stream of narrative, criticism, self-analysis and commentary, so full that we find ourselves in the midst of all these great matters, seeing them with the keen vision and judgment of one who was an influential actor in them. And certainly his was not an 'unimportant life.' He was, by the general judgment, one of the greatest bishops of our time.

Looking at the book on its personal side one is again and again impressed with the fact that Dr. Henson is, to use a phrase of his own, an 'embodied paradox.' The self-portrait is full of humility and as full of a very natural and justifiable self-complacence. We find, on the one hand, a ruthless self-analysis. On his appointment to the See of Durham he says in his Journal: 'For the deeper requirements of great spiritual office—a disciplined character, personal piety and habits of religion—I can say nothing that is promising.' Again: 'And yet I find myself after twelve weeks as reckless, selfish, and secular as before! What can be done with so irresponsible and intractable a spirit?' There is nothing morbid about these confessions. They help us to realize that the title of the book is, after all, quite sincere. Often, when he had made a speech he describes it in withering terms of dispraise. But, on the other hand, immediately afterwards, he retails very decided eulogia from others. After one of his speeches Lord Hugh Cecil passed a pencilled note to him: 'I did not wholly agree with your conclusion, but I thought your speech one of the most powerful and brilliant I have ever listened to.' Who would not have been exalted by such a tribute from such a source? It is obvious also that the Archbishops, first Davidson and then Lang, had a profound admiration for Dr. Henson's ability. They frequently begged his help in preparing important pronouncements; and in spite of his notorious independence people of all parties seem to have cherished a deep respect for himself.

This independence, which is the characteristic popularly associated with Dr. Henson, emphasizes another element in this 'embodied paradox.' He certainly did take his own line, which was not always that of anybody else. His convinced advocacy of disestablishment is one example. He knew that would make him very unpopular with all sections of his church, but he believed that only through such a measure could discipline in the church be secured or reunion be achieved. His attitude to organized labour is another example. He loved working people, but he disliked, and more than disliked, their leaders and their trade organizations. His entire disapproval of the Oxford Group Movement is a third example. But there are many others. In his Journal he gives a list of 'things which my soul hateth,' and there are thirteen of them! But this independent outlook gave in one respect a false impression. He was expected to be heterodox in doctrine, which was quite an erroneous conclusion. As a matter of fact he was in important church matters quite traditional and orthodox. When the Dean and Bishop of Liverpool invited an eminent Unitarian minister, Dr. Jacks, to preach in the Cathedral there was widespread disapproval, and, contrary to general expectation, Dr. Henson heartily supported the protests made, on the ground that Unitarianism is 'the first and deadliest of all heresies. . . . How can any Christian Church admit it, and survive?' There is a distinction between things essential and things indifferent, he urged, and the Divinity of Christ is among the former. 'If that be so we cannot avoid the unpalatable necessity of refusing religious fellowship with Unitarians.' Another surprising example of this traditionalism was his attitude to one of his incumbents who instituted proceedings for divorce against his wife. Dr. Henson told him that he was not acting wrongly, but added that he could not rightly hold himself free to contract another marriage!

This personal side of the *Retrospect* is always on view, but, of course, the vital interest of the